New Republic

MARCH 22, 1948

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PEACE IN DANGER

"THERE ARE GREAT FEARS"

THIRD PARTY PROSPECTS

By HELEN FULLER

THE MOOD OF THE FARMER

By HENRY WALLACE

15¢

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BAIL GRANTED!

Now Make the Victory of the Ellis Island Hunger Strikers STICK!

Last week, five political prisoners broke through the iron curtain around Tom Clark's Ellis Island concentration camp.

For six days, they denied themselves food. Their courageous hunger strike told the nation that they were being held without bail. It woke the American people to the new danger of fascism that threatens.

All over our country, the people responded . . . Wires to the President and the Attorney General . . . Picket lines . . . Twenty-four hour vigils . . . Mass demonstrations. . . .

The unity of the five on the Island acted as a magnet. Outside, too, Negro and white, Communist and non-Communist, native and foreign-born came together in common action against a common enemy.

On March 6th Ferdinand Smith, Charles Doyle, John Williamson and Gerhart Eisler joined Irving Potash, the first of the five to win freedom through a temporary grant of bail.

These five are still waging a court fight to guarantee that their Constitutional right to bail is secured. Their fight is an important front in the battle to save the more than 30 victims of Clark's deportation delirium, the growing list of those who face prison for their challenge of the House Un-American Committee, and the labor victims of Taft-Hartley persecution.

The five hunger strikers won an historic victory—for you . . . But it's still only a partial victory . . . Here's how you can help make the victory complete—and make it stick.

William Z. Foster, Chairman
Communist Party
35 East 12th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

I enclose my contribution to the fund to help free the Ellis Island hunger strikers. Please send me more information about these cases. Please send me information on the program of the Communist Party.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

NR-2

★**WRITE OR WIRE THE PRESIDENT AND THE ATTORNEY GENERAL TODAY. Tell them the right to bail must be declared a fixed policy in all political cases.**

★**PHONE, WIRE, VISIT YOUR CONGRESSMAN AND ALL PUBLIC OFFICIALS. Tell them the deportation drive against trade unionists and progressives must be stopped.**

★**PUT YOUR ORGANIZATION ON RECORD THROUGH RESOLUTIONS. Resolve to end the persecution of labor and political leaders by the Taft-Hartley law, the House Un-American Committee or the Department of Justice.**

ARREST FASCISM!
STOP THE ARREST OF ANTIFASCISTS!

COMMUNIST PARTY

William Z. Foster, chairman — Eugene Dennis, general secretary

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

WHEN THEY TALK about "the election" here these days, you can't tell any longer which election is meant—the domestic one in November, or the one in Italy on April 18. No amount of flippancy can hide the rising grimness—and danger—of recent events.

Many here now think the United States is losing the cold war. There is deep disturbance over Italy. Communism has pushed into Czechoslovakia and Masaryk is dead. The Finns must come to terms. Is Italy next?

There is no easy stereotype that fits this situation. Under certain pressures, no one can tell what America may do. No past markings chart these strange waters. We had always believed, here in Washington, that America—if not goaded by Russia—would have relapsed after the war into quasi-isolationism. The frantic rush to demobilize indicated it.

Now, however, the result is different. Some form of American military underwriting of Western Europe appears likely. After that, nobody knows.

President Truman threw his hat in the ring, a deed which drew only faint expressions of joy from Democratic bosses who met here over the weekend to plan the Philadelphia convention arrangements. They were the only group that might have asked the unfortunate President to step aside. Truman neatly beat them to it.

Truman's St. Patrick's Day speech in New York presages a rather dreary campaign, looking to probable Democratic defeat. In all fairness to Truman, it deserves repeating that he is sticking to his guns on the civil-rights issue, and is taking Southern abuse accordingly. We think his real handicap, however, lies elsewhere: (1) after 16 years of rule, time runs against the Democrats; and (2) Truman lacks the commanding personality to make strong use of the issues, of which he has an abundance.

Honor roll: Here are the names of the Representatives who voted against continuing the Un-American Activities Committee, with doubled appropriation. There were only 37 of them, to 337 on the other side. This is the committee that renders its verdict first, then tries to prove its case. Its unsupported charges against Bureau of Standards Chief Edward U. Condon have helped produce that very air of confusion and suspicion on which the Communists thrive. The 37:

Democrats (34): Blatnik, Minn.; Bloom, N. Y.; Buchanan, Pa.; Carroll, Colo.; Celler, N. Y.; Crosser, Ohio; Douglas, Calif.; Eberharter, Pa.; Fernandez, N. M.; Fogarty, R. I.; Folger, N. C.; Forand, R. I.; Gordon, Ill.; Granger, Utah; Harless, Ariz.; Havenner, Calif.; Holifield, Calif.; Huber, Ohio; Jackson, Wash.; Karsten, Mo.; Kee, W. Va.; Kelly, Pa.; King, Calif.; Kirwan, Ohio; Madden, Ind.; Mansfield, Mont.; Miller, Calif.; Morgan, Pa.; Multer, N. Y.; Powell, N. Y.; Price, Ill.; Sabath, Ill.; Sadowski, Mich.; Somers, N. Y. American Labor (2): Isacson and Marcantonio, N. Y. Republican (1): Javits, N. Y.

You may not know it, but you are a stockholder in the North American Rayon Corporation and the American Bemberg Corporation and have been since last August. This is because the Alien Property Custodian, for you and your government, holds 62 percent of the companies' stock, formerly owned by Germans. In capitalist America this business is being run socialistically.

Twice since the OPA was killed, the rayon-yarn prices of these companies have been boosted. Profits are now the highest in history. Despite this, the companies have appealed to custodian David L. Bazelon, Assistant

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Attorney General, for a third price increase, like the rest of the industry. Bazelon has refused. Speaking for the government, he says that profits are already high. Indicated earnings next year, without price advance, will be 13 percent of sales (after taxes) and 18 percent of net worth.

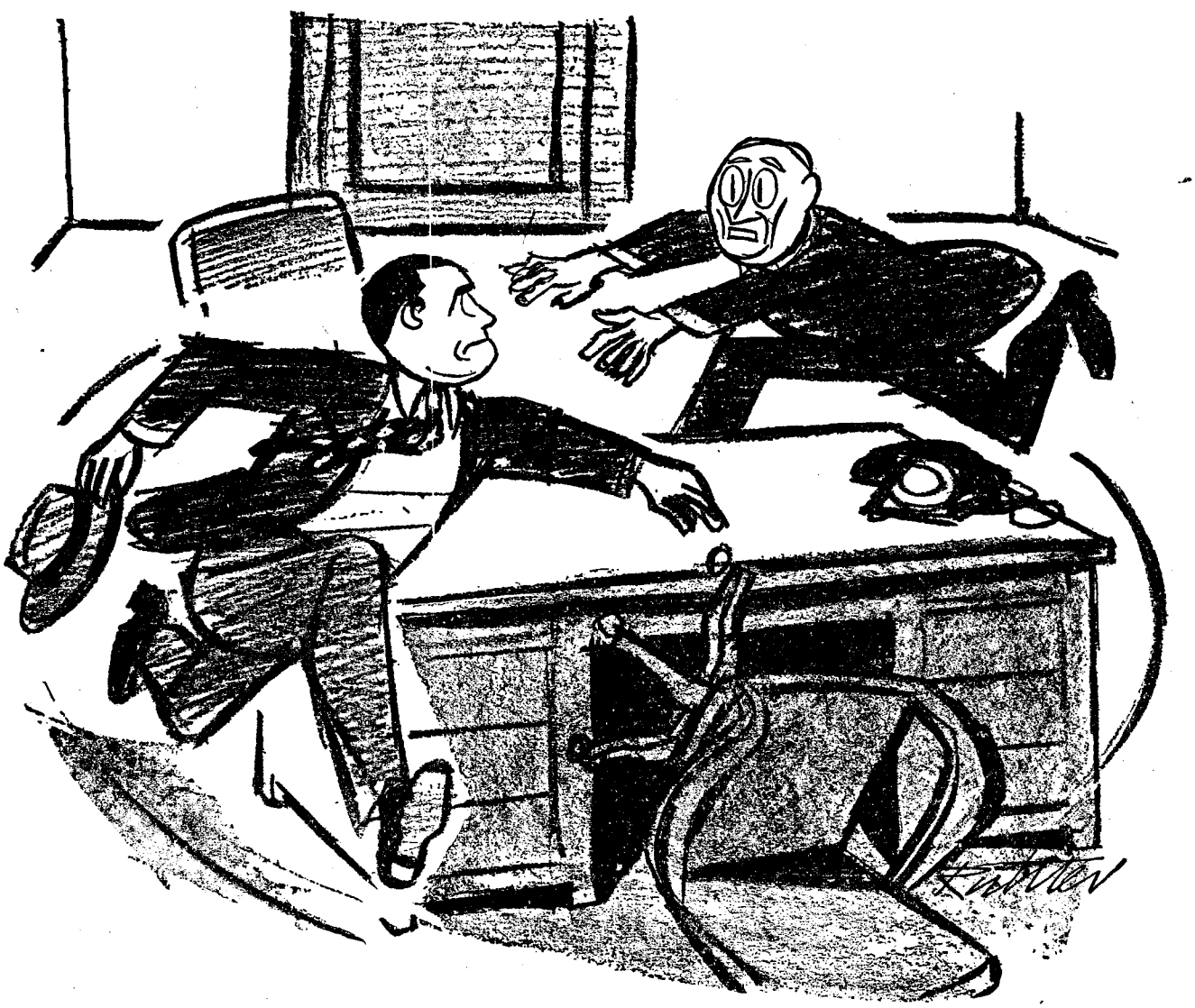
The insidious nature of socialism is evident in this, for Bazelon, until corrupted, was a prosperous Chicago corporation lawyer. Outraged by this flank attack on free enterprise, seven corporate directors of the rayon firms are resigning. Included are officers of the First National Bank, Bankers Trust Company, Central Hanover Bank, Lehmann Brothers, and the like. This refusal to squeeze out higher inflationary profits shows socialism in its real wickedness, and no doubt will be a lesson to everybody.

The merry-go-round of subversive charges is catching all sorts of people, and we should hate to be in Bazelon's shoes. It is by now evident that the Thomas committee suspects all atomic scientists, from David E. Lilienthal and Dr. Condon, down. W. Averell Harriman, former Wall Street banker, is suspect, because as head of the Commerce Department he shelters Condon.

Another odd catch is Hamilton Robinson, director of the State Department's Office of Controls. Robinson is unfit, says Representative Busbey (R, Ill.), because he has a second cousin. The latter was once investigated for alleged Communistic activities. Hamilton is reported to be a Republican of impeccably conservative background. He was criticized previously for being a trifle severe in State's loyalty investigations of others. He's no witch-hunter now. He's a witch.

The House Appropriations Committee of Representative Taber (R, N. Y.) charges that the State Department is fairly reeking with subversives, while the Bureau of Internal Revenue is practically as bad. They loaf on the job there, and (say it under your breath) empty gin bottles have been found in the basement. For sending secret messages to Moscow, we presume.

Washington T. R. B.



Truman to McGrath: *If you insist, I'll run*

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VOLUME 118, NUMBER 12, ISSUE 1738, NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 22, 1948 **New Republic**

THE WEEK

BIG SWITCH

Last week it looked as if 1948 might go down in US business history as the year of the big switch. It seems only yesterday that the nation's billboards were plastered with posters proclaiming, "What's good for business is good for you." The current argument appears to run that what's good for business is good for business.

Typical switch was that of US Steel, under fire for leading the way with a substantial price increase on 10 percent of the industry's output. Last year, steel spent a goodly chunk of its public-relations money on full-page ads to convince us that the country couldn't live without steel, that steel was the backbone of our economy. But defending his price increase before an amazingly unsympathetic Joint Committee on the Economic Report last week, Ben Fairless, president of US Steel, spent an uncomfortable three and one-half hours trying to explain that steel was really not that important.

"Labor does not eat steel," Fairless squirmed, as his contribution to the argument that higher steel prices and profits would be no justification for a cost-of-living wage increase. By the end of the week, even that specious argument was exploded. If labor didn't eat steel, many a wage earner does sleep on steel beds. And as a result of steel's price increase, makers of metal furniture raised their prices by three to 16 percent.

Also uncomfortable in the same high-price-high-profit spotlight was General Electric's L. R. Boulware, vice-president in charge of employee relations, who declared war on the notion that what was good for GE was good for GE employees.

GE profits have nothing to do with GE wages, he said. And GE is not interested in the rising cost of living, either. The company's excellent financial position, he added, has no significance other than to illustrate "the diligence of employers."

It sounds more and more as if industry were trying to inch its way back to the old Vanderbilt "public be damned" policy line. Only this time they are being more polite, less colorful.

WAR, WEATHER OR EASTER?

The drop in retail sales and employment (the *NR*, March 15) sent the business press looking for an explanation. Most common goat was the weather, which did in fact contribute to the drop in sales that hit the nation's retail business last week. But the drop was just as bad on the West Coast, where the weather was sunny, as in the East, where it snowed and rained.

Second choice, with *Time's* money on its nose, was the season. But in manufacturing and mining, the January layoffs were more than seasonal. And with Easter a week earlier than last year, business indices should be running ahead of 1947 if they were following the seasonal trend.

Runner-up in the speculation sweepstake was the argument that the threat of war had caused the drop in the commodity markets and a sympathetic softening in stocks. But no one whose memory went back to 1939 could argue that the prospects of war—or of preparations for war—could deflate our economy.

To explain the present malaise of US business, its apologists were looking for something that would put the blame anywhere except on high prices. Obviously, they would have to keep on looking.

Plenty

AMONG the wartime shortages that have been overcome is that of diapers. The *Journal of Commerce* has just reported that the diaper makers have overshot the mark and produced a surplus. Suggestions are now doubtless in order for:

Increasing the birth rate.

Making diapers into screens for home movies.

Using them as tablecloths on those little tables in night clubs.

Letting heroines of cowboy movies wave them, instead of handkerchiefs, as the hero ends the picture by riding away into the setting sun. (Might cause the picture to end quite differently.)

BUTTER OR VOTES

Way back in 1886 the dairy lobby got Congress to put legal handicaps on the free competition of oleomargarine with butter. Since then bills to remove the stiff federal tax on colored margarine and other restrictions have been blocked at every session of Congress by the dairy-dominated House Agriculture Committee.

In the present session, however, 18 such bills have been introduced and the lobby is worried. There are two reasons for the backsliding. The first is the high cost of living that has boosted the per-capita consumption of margarine from 2.5 pounds in 1940 to 4.5 pounds in 1947, while butter fell from 17 pounds to 11.5. The second reason for the wavering GOP line is the remarkable rise in the past 10 years of the lowly soybean. The oil of this bean is an important ingredient in today's margarine, and many of the soy-

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bean growers are in the north central states, previously the strongholds of the cow. Moreover, margarine has become big business and the National Association of Margarine Manufacturers maintains a well paid lobbyist of its own in Washington.

The probable outcome will be a compromise. While the bills to remove all taxes on margarine have little chance, one to take the 10-cent-a-pound tax off colored margarine but leave the quarter-cent-a-pound tax on white margarine has a fair chance of getting out of committee. And if any bill does get out, it will have easy going in the House.

CALIFORNIA BROWNOUT

SAN FRANCISCO (NR correspondent)

California's drought has gone from the "serious" to the "critical" stage, according to the State Public Utilities Commission, and is severely damaging industry as well as agriculture.

The shortage of power has forced large factories, including chemical and aluminum plants that use big blocks of electricity, to curtail production drastically. Meanwhile, in the agricultural areas, the winds whip dust storms thousands of feet into the air and livestock owners are shipping their gaunt cattle and sheep to ranges in other states.

Drought has slowed California down to a walk—even the electric clocks are behind time. San Francisco is under a brownout that recalls war days, despite the objections of store owners who want to keep their show windows fully lighted. Helping to darken the prospect is the growing unemployment among farm laborers. In the dehydrated San Joaquin Valley, for instance, nearly 50,000 migrant farmhands are idle, with little prospect of large-scale reëmployment before the middle of April.

Only Southern California, which draws electricity from the government's huge Hoover Dam, has escaped the power shortage—a fact which is being carefully noted by consumers in the rest of the state. As a result any future debates over proposed federal power projects are bound to get a better reception from San Franciscans.

The private power companies did a lot of talking last fall about how well they could take care of all emergencies; when the Bureau of Reclamation warned of a power shortage this year, the utilities magnates pooh-poohed the idea. Meanwhile Senator Sheridan Downey (*R, Calif.*) continued his fight against the Central Valley Project, which was designed to help prevent unexpected water and power scarcities. The drought has gone a long way toward proving who was right.

One of Downey's pet hates, the CVP's Shasta Dam, is expected to increase the power supply by 75,000 kilowatts within a few weeks. This extra power will not end the shortage, but it is more help to California's hard-pressed factories than Pacific Gas and Electric's newspaper ads asking consumers to "Save Electricity."

PROFITABLE SMEAR

To Representative J. Parnell Thomas and his Un-American Activities Committee, the Condon case has been worth exactly $200,000. That is the sum which the House voted to finance the committee's name-calling didoes for the balance of 1948. And that explains the timing of the charges which Thomas, for two weeks, has been monotonously repeating against Dr. Edward U. Condon, director of the National Bureau of Standards.

The committee's performance was a new low in corrupting the techniques

"THERE AR

By Michael Straight

THE SITUATION is "very, very serious. . . . There are great fears as to developments." Secretary Marshall's quiet words barely echo the roar of approaching conflict.

Very suddenly, war has moved very close to the world. Czechoslovakia sounded the summons. If the call should be answered this year, as many now think it will, what would be the reasons?

"This country and its people," said Benes, "are absolutely democratic and we will remain so, come what may." That was one year ago. "Our experience," said Premier Gottwald, "has demonstrated that it is possible to move in the direction of socialism in our own Czechoslovak way without dictatorship of the proletariat and without the Soviets." That was last June. Then the Kosice program: nationalization and land reform under parliamentary rule was the common ground on which all Czech parties stood, the ground they hoped would bridge East and West.

Eroding ground: The erosion of the cold war is deep and wide. A year ago our President said: There is no common ground. In December, *Izvestia* attacked all who were "still saying that Czechoslovakia is a bridge between East and West. They forget that in a vital struggle there can be no middle ground."

If war should come this year, one reason will be that, for many Americans, the experience of Prague exalted their Great Fear: that the only way to deal with Communists is to destroy them before they destroy us.

Does Prague confirm this fear? There was no *internal* threat to Czech democracy in February. The armed strength of the "plotters" was revealed as 140 rifles and four tommy

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REAT FEARS"

guns. Benes publicly stated he would not consider a government without Gottwald at its head. The Communists controlled the radio, the police and the factories.

Their seizure of power has been followed by the creation of a police state. The dictatorship is the directorate of the Central Action Committee, with its local committees in every factory and village. The committee runs the National Front, which has replaced party government. The committee finally determines what meetings can be held and what papers published. The committee is destroying the independence of the government, the judiciary, the educational system.

Marshall spoke of "the reign of terror in Czechoslovakia." If it's less than terror, it is more than a momentary eclipse of democracy. The Left Socialist Zdenek Fierlinger was rebuked by Rudolf Slansky, Secretary-General of the Czechoslovak Communist Party, for such a lighthearted view. The action committees, he said, have come to stay.

Yet is Prague proof that force alone can resolve this struggle? For over a year now, our government has given Western Europe one choice: coöperation with Communists or American aid. In forcing Communists out of the framework of parliamentary coöperation, we have forced European countries to violate the spirit of their constitutions. The Communists accepted this challenge without resorting to force. Today in France and Italy they are working within the framework of order and parliamentary rule. But the good that was done by what patience and adherence to democracy they retained, Prague has undone today.

Today we're moving into what our advanced scouts of the Third World War call "the military phase."

The long-range economic objectives of the Marshall Plan are being overlaid with long-range political and military objectives. ERP is joined by the Western Union.

As reconstruction gives way to militarization as the primary objective, the Western Union itself changes in nature. First it was to be economic, social and cultural; now it is to be founded on military security. Under the Great Fear, France has abandoned her deepest tradition and agreed to German representatives at the 16-power conference in Paris. Under the Great Fear, Britain is abandoning the idea of the Third Force as an alliance of the center, neutral between East and West. The Western Union countries believe that their pact requires American guarantees. Lewis Douglas says such guarantees are under consideration.

What guarantees? Can we, with our tiny occupation force, hold Western Europe if war comes? If not, what is the meaning of military guarantees and the Western Union that is built upon them? If Europe is to be held, what does this mean in American supplies and occupation forces? And how, in the armed base that Europe will become, can the West grant political freedom, with its offering of government and full power in free elections to the Communist Parties, now looked on as the enemy?

Six months ago Walter Lippmann stood with one foot on the corpse of the Cold War and pronounced America the victor. The war lived on and now, according to the New York *Times*, we are losing the Cold War. *Time is foreshortened.*

April 18 is four weeks away. On April 18 the Left bloc may poll more than 40 percent of the vote in Italy. If Italy's constitution is adhered to, the Left bloc will take power. If it is not, there may be civil war.

The Great Fear is that an Italian government under Nenni will follow the pattern of Prague. As a promontory of Soviet power, a Communist Italy will outflank the West in France, Greece and Turkey, threaten its hold on North Africa and weaken its control over the oil of the Middle East.

So the long-range military objective is overlaid by a short-range political problem. Do we stand by Italian democracy, or thwart it in the name of world democracy? Do we try to hold Italy, or write Italy off? Do we use the weapon of starvation, by threatening to cut off American supplies? If the threat is not enough, what do we do?

We *act*—that seems to be the government's decision. For months ERP has been developed on non-political lines. Suddenly the commitment to Italy is questioned in our press. For months the Army, the Navy and the Air Force have been unable to formulate an over-all strategy for America. Now Secretary Forrestal announces that it will be formulated over the weekend. The time has come, Forrestal says, "when certain decisions must be taken" about the part each force will play. Gone is the opposition of the Air Force and the Navy to UMT. Gone is the old assumption that the USSR won't be able to fight for ten years. Forrestal, the New York *Times* reports, "deplored the assumption by the public or by officials that the United States will not be involved in war for the next ten years, or equally that war will come within a week."

But who assumed war in "a week"?

"There are Great Fears."

The erosion of the Cold War is cutting very deep. Under its growing pressure the hopes for peace are crumbling very fast. The sweep toward war, carrying in its undertow lost liberties and ruined lives, is rising toward the flood stage at which no force can withstand its power. At that stage of imminence, war itself takes over and dictates its own rules to reluctant men.

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of press agentry to achieve selfish ends. First, the committee had revived old, unsubstantiated and suitably vague charges against Dr. Condon in a way to create public fear that our dearest atomic-defense secrets were in danger.

Then Thomas tried to pressure Secretary of Commerce Harriman into surrendering the confidential records of his own departmental investigation, which had cleared Condon. To his credit, Harriman stood firm against the committee's encroachment, even declaring that its conduct was "in my opinion, un-American."

A few courageous voices protested against the slow chipping away at US citizens' liberties. Representative Chet Holifield (D, Calif.) condemned the committee's techniques as "biased and prejudiced, and in the reports . . . full of errors and misstatements of fact." Representative Leo Isacson (ALP, N. Y.), in his maiden congressional

Jan Masaryk

by Edward R. Murrow

THEY SAY he committed suicide. I don't know.

Jan Masaryk was a man of great faith and great courage. Under certain circumstances he would be capable of laying down his life with a grin and a wisecrack. For more than two years he had hidden a heavy heart behind that big smile and a casual, sometimes irreverent, often caustic comment on world affairs. . . .

I sat with him, all night, in his London Embassy the night his country was sacrificed on the altar of appeasement at Munich. He knew it meant war, knew that his country and its people were doomed, but there was no bitterness in the man, nor was there resignation or defeat. We talked long of what must happen to Europe, of the young men that would die, and the cities that would be smashed to rubble, but Jan Masaryk's faith was steady. As I rose to leave, the gray dawn pressed against the windows.

Jan pointed to a big picture of Hitler and Mussolini that stood on the mantel and he said:

"Don't worry, Ed. There will be dark days and many men will die, but there is a God and He will not let two such men rule Europe."

He had faith and he was a patriot and he was an excellent cook. One night during the blitz he was preparing a meal in his little apartment. A bomb came down in the middle distance and rocked the bulding. Jan Masaryk emerged from the kitchen to remark:

"Uncivilized swine, the Germans! They have ruined my soufflé."

DRAWING BY STEFANELLI

I once asked him what his war aim was and he replied: "I just want to go home."

He always knew that in a world where there is no security for little nations, there is neither peace nor security for big ones. After the Munich betrayal, the British made a conscience loan to Czechoslovakia. Benes and Masaryk used a considerable part of that money to set up an underground news service. It was functioning when the Germans overran the country. . . .

Jan Masaryk took to the radio, talking to his people at home, telling them that there was hope in the West, that Czechs and Slovaks would again walk that fair land as free men.

When the war was over he went home, certain that his country had to get along with the Russians, or, as he used to say, "they will eat us up." His faith in democracy was in no wise diminished. . . . As the Communist strength increased, Jan saw less and less of his friends when he came to this country. His music no longer gave him comfort.

No more were there those happy late night hours with Masaryk playing the piano, hours of rich, rolling Czech and Slovak folksongs. I asked him why he didn't get out, come to this country, where he had so many friends. He replied: "Do you think I enjoy what I'm doing? But my heart is with my people. I must do what I can. Maybe a corpse, but never a refugee."

Did he make a mistake in this last crisis? I don't know. He stayed with Benes. Who knows what pressures he was subjected to? It is unlikely that he could have altered the course of events. Perhaps it was in his mind that he could save some of his friends, some small part of liberty and freedom, by staying on as a non-party foreign minister. . . .

In the course of chronicling the cause of the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia, the Alsops referred to Jan Masaryk as "the salon favorite in New York, who has played perhaps the most morally shabby game of all."

What arrogance, fathered by ignorance! What a profound moral judgment delivered from such a distance!

If the brothers Alsop were looking for a martyr, they have found his name in today's news from Prague. So far as salons are concerned, if they have them in the next world, this reporter will count himself fortunate to be permitted to sit on the floor in the one where Jan Masaryk will be found. – *Reprinted by permission from Mr. Murrow's broadcast of March 10 over CBS.*

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speech, called committee methods repugnant to any believer in true civil liberties. But the voices were few.

With the money obtained, the Un-American Activities Committee, which never has permitted Dr. Condon to defend himself against its charges, announced airily that open hearings would be held some time in the future, maybe "in two or three weeks." The crisis in American security apparently had passed.

CHURCH, STATE AND SCHOOL

The Supreme Court has upheld the complaint of a free-thinking mother in Champaign, Illinois, who claimed local public schools were violating the Constitution by forcing religious instruction upon her son.

Justice Hugo Black, delivering the majority opinion, said the use of tax-supported property for dissemination of religious doctrines clearly violated the First Amendment, which rests upon the premise "that both religion and government can best work to achieve their lofty aims if each is left free from the other within its respective sphere."

Justice Felix Frankfurter, joined by Justices Robert H. Jackson, Wiley B. Rutledge and Harold Burton, delivered a separate opinion siding with the majority. There is only one rule to go by, said Frankfurter: "Separation means separation, not something less."

In another separate opinion, Justice Jackson said he doubted that the court had a right to pass on the Champaign case at all. His reservations reached a fine point: religion might be kept out of subjects like mathematics, physics and chemistry, but how could it be kept out of history, literature, the arts or biology? "Music without sacred music, architecture minus the cathedral, or paintings without the Scriptural themes would be eccentric and incomplete," he wrote. Justice Reed followed a similar argument in his dissent.

No sooner had the court's ruling been announced than school officials began to question their own systems. In New York, 111,639 children get religious training during school hours. School buildings are not used, but the children are allowed to leave school early, in the charge of coöperating church officials. Does the decision apply there? Two religious-education classes in Maryland and a program of interdenominational religious education in Virginia may have to be abandoned, according to school authorities. And what about the employment of 135 nuns and brothers and one priest as teachers on public payrolls in New Mexico?

Truman Runs

J. HOWARD MCGRATH has finally proved himself a capable chairman of the Democratic National Committee. When he went to the White House the other day to bring the President up to date politically, a good-sized revolt against Truman's renomination was boiling in the Democratic Party. When he came out, with the President's formal announcement as a candidate, the revolt was over.

McGrath had simply told Truman that unless he declared his candidacy, he could not promise to hold the party together any longer. The 16 top Democratic leaders who make up the National Executive Committee were even then preparing to go to Washington for a meeting with the President. A number of them had privately discussed formally requesting Truman to step down, for the good of the party.

The turmoil that was upsetting the Democrats has now settled over the Republicans. Governor Dewey and his backers for the nomination are temporarily very pleased with the world. The New Hampshire primary was quite satisfactory to them. They had privately said that they would be content to win six of the eight races for delegates, though they hoped for seven.

In winning only two delegates Harold Stassen barely held his own. The Dewey campaign in New Hampshire was carefully organized and well financed. His main advantage over Stassen, however, was in the personal standing and prestige of the candidates pledged to him.

All the Republican candidates agree that the Wisconsin preferential primary on April 6 will have much more meaning. And the more honest Republican politicians will admit that this is where General Douglas MacArthur's entrance into the Republican race may cause real trouble.

Some Washington skeptics insist that the MacArthur declaration was part of a Taft-MacArthur entente. They point out that although Colonel Robert R. McCormick and his Chicago *Tribune* are on record as supporting Taft's nomination, it is a McCormick stooge, Warren Wright, former Illinois State Treasurer, who is heading the national MacArthur-for-America organization in Washington.

McCormick and the *Tribune* are backing the General in the Wisconsin primary, where Taft is not a candidate. If MacArthur should run as well in Wisconsin as his supporters claim he will, the candidacies of both Dewey and Stassen would be considerably damaged. Even if MacArthur, Dewey and Stassen were to split Wisconsin's votes three ways, it would be a serious reflection on both Dewey and Stassen. MacArthur will be in the favored position that Dewey enjoyed in New Hampshire—of having the regular Republican organization leaders as members of his slate in Wisconsin. Even if the General should later prove to run equally well in no other state, the harm would have been done to Dewey, the advantage enjoyed by Taft.

Perhaps the least enthusiastic greeter General MacArthur will find is his old friend Arthur Vandenberg. Senator Vandenberg has been enjoying a very promising little boom of his own in the last few weeks. Almost all the nationally known columnists, who are strong internationalists and haters of Taftism, have been plugging him for

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the nomination. Governor Duff of Pennsylvania has been quoted as saying that he favors throwing his state's crucially important votes to Vandenberg on the second round in the convention.

But now Washington recalls the magazine article Vandenberg wrote during the 1944 campaign, entitled, "Why I Am for MacArthur": "General MacArthur has what it takes in full measure. . . . No one could be more a 'citizen of the world,' with an experience and vision that roam the hemisphere. . . . He will stand upon the horizon like a monolith of honor, courage, devotion and achievement. . . . That's the kind of President—tried by fire and the acid test—I want and that the country needs."

Perhaps Senator Vandenberg now has different ideas about who would make a good monolith.

GOING UNDER

When Ewan Clague, Commissioner of Labor Statistics, appeared before the Joint Committee of Congress on the Economic Report last December to present his now famous BLS report on the cost of living in large US cities, he carefully ducked all questions as to what proportion of the families surveyed did not have enough income to meet the BLS's adequate, but decidedly meager, budget standards.

The BLS has now issued Clague's figures, with considerably more detail, in the February issue of its publication, *Labor Review*. And it has courageously included a section showing that:

¶ In the typical city of Indianapolis, in March, 1946, 22 percent of all families did not have enough income to meet the minimum standards.

¶ Among families of two persons, the percentage below the line was 28.

¶ Among families of three, it was 20.

¶ Among families of four, it was 12.

¶ Among families of five or more, it was 28.

¶ Among single men, 20 percent could not meet the minimum budget and among single women, the figure was 35 percent.

THIRD-PARTY PROSPECTS

by Helen Fuller

THE WALLACE PARTY is understandably elated over the impression it is making. Enthusiasm billows from the New York headquarters, but underneath all the excitement, the third-party leaders are doggedly concentrating on the dull details that are the heart of politics. They are grimly determined that no opportunity to get votes and build organization shall go by default.

A candidate can't win votes unless he can get on the ballot. So major attention is still on the mechanics of filing in the various states. Thus far, nothing has slipped. California, the first and toughest test on qualification for the ballot, is almost certainly clear sailing for the third party now. With almost twice the number of petition signatures required by law on file with the Secretary of State, the Independent Progressive Party of California is confident that it will be legally certified for the state ballot when the results are announced on March 23.

In New Jersey, a full Wallace ticket, with candidates for most congressional and local offices, was filed before the March 10 deadline. The Pennsylvania Progressive Party expects to have the 9,300 petition signatures required well before the April 7 filing date there. The next deadline is in Maryland, on April 17, where 2,000 signatures are needed and no difficulty is expected. Legal requirements have to be met during May in Oklahoma, Michigan, Alabama, Florida and West Virginia. Prospects are considered good in all of these but Florida.

Ohio is by far the worst legal headache. There is no hope of putting a full third-party slate on the ballot there, and even qualifying an independent candidate is so hard a job that Wallace may not be able to run in Ohio at all. The regular politicians in Illinois also have their lawyers digging up new legal obstacles to a third-party slate, but the Wallaceites, in this case, seem confident that the statutes are on their side. Those who are handling this phase of third-party business say that if they keep up with their schedule, Wallace will be on the ballot in every one of the key electoral states, with the possible exception of Ohio, and in at least two-thirds of all the states in the Union.

Once it is on the ballot, the third party has no fear about making a good showing. Its leaders point to the latest *Fortune* poll, which shows general disgust with both the old parties, saying that two out of every three voters think the Republican Congress has done only a fair to poor job and that the overwhelming majority of voters "consider the Democratic record only mediocre at best."

Word has leaked out from the *Fortune* editorial offices that Elmo Roper made still another poll which showed that Henry Wallace, as of now, would receive 11 percent of the total vote next November. Roper's bosses were reportedly so horrified at his findings that he was told to repeat his survey. The second time the count was 11.5 percent. No one seems to know when Luce plans to publish this particular poll.

The Wallace organization is concentrating its appeal especially on women voters, minority groups, organized labor, youth and veterans, as those with obviously high interest in Wallace's campaign. Special staffs are being set up at the headquarters office to handle each of these categories. The executive board of the United Electrical Workers, third largest CIO international, is expected to endorse Wallace for President officially in the very near future, after which the UE president, Albert Fitzgerald, is slated to be named to head the Labor-for-Wallace campaign.

In spite of the clearly stated official policy of the CIO, "of express opposition to any third party in 1948 and one of positive support for the Mar-

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shall Plan," state and local industrial-union councils in most areas where the so-called "left wing" unions are strong have kept the way open for individual members and unions to support Wallace if they wish. Philip Murray, Director of Organization Allan Haywood and Director of Councils John Brophy have repeatedly warned local leaders to get in line. Now, it appears, they are ready to go much farther. Brophy has addressed a letter to all 397 CIO councils stating that no "evasion or compromise" on these issues will any longer be tolerated.

To both sides in the CIO, this is war. The anti-Wallace side has the strongest weapons at the moment. If they are prepared to go through with the attack Brophy has launched, it could mean a wholesale "leftist" purge in cities all over the country. The first test will probably be in California, where both the State Council and the Los Angeles City Council have officially refused positively to oppose a third party or to support ERP. Rightist elements there have withdrawn from the regular organization and are establishing their own, which they hope will now be recognized as the "official" one.

California may also be the test on a more important third-party question: When and where will the third party support major-party candidates, and when and where will it run candidates of its own?

National headquarters has taken the position that this is for the individual state organizations to decide for themselves. In states where full third-party congressional slates have already been drawn up, leaders express the hope that, in some districts at least, they will be able to withdraw their man in favor of a progressive Democrat or Republican.

The Independent Progressive Party of California will hold a state meeting on March 21 to decide its stand and make its yardstick for measuring candidates. The values which California assigns to a candidate's position on the Marshall Plan and other foreign and domestic issues will have a good chance of becoming standard for the third party as a whole.

The Homecoming

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HENRY WALLACE'S COLUMN

Report from Minnesota

ON MY RECENT VISIT to Minnesota, I talked with farmers who are managing 320 acres with one man, whereas formerly it took three men. On the good level land of southwestern Minnesota it is now possible to produce a bushel of corn with the expenditure of eight minutes of human labor and six minutes of the use of a tractor. Twenty years ago it required 20 minutes of human labor and 40 minutes of the use of a horse.

Most of this extraordinary transformation has been due to the tractor, the tractor-cultivator and the corn-picking machine. Part of it has been due to hybrid corn, which has not only increased the yield by 20 percent but has also made the corn-picking machine really practical. In the old days the cornstalks were often so broken and leaning as to cause the corn-picking machine to leave a lot of corn behind in the field.

The situation which exists with corn also holds true with other grains. In the rich area of big farms in the central United States, the tractor has been substituted for the horse so as to make the farmer a part of urban life in a way he never was before. Farm labor is paid more nearly on a par with city workers. One hundred and fifty dollars a month plus board and room is not at all unusual for a single man in the Middle West today.

In the old days farm hands got only one-fourth as much. The hours are long, the skill needed is great, and the output per manhour is enormous compared with that of thirty years ago or as compared with other parts of the world. An hour of man labor on the good farms of the central United States will turn out 70 times as much corn as an hour of man labor in Rumania and 150 times as much as in Mexico.

This extraordinary efficiency is not all clear gain. Tractors, tractor-cultivators, corn pickers and other machinery represent an overhead cost of roughly 20 cents against each bushel of corn produced. In the old days the corn-belt farmer would put three times as much man labor into a bushel of corn, but his machinery charge was one-fourth as great.

Everyone is beginning to wonder whether the mechanized farmer, when the price crash comes, will stand the smash as well as the farmer of earlier days who used horses. It is now apparent that the next farm crash will have far graver repercussions than the last one, because on the mechanized farm everything will come to a halt when there is no money to buy gasoline. The "horse farmer" is inefficient and his standard of living is low because he exploits himself and his family in order to survive. But he *can* survive, at a time when his supposedly efficient tractor-farmer neighbor can't find the cash to keep going.

What the new mechanization means to the politics of a state like Minnesota is difficult to foresee. Up till the recent price drop, the mechanized farmers had made very great profits. Some of the men who were on relief during 1935 and 1936 have made as much as $100,000 in recent years. As one might expect of men of "substance and good judgment," they have become Republicans. The price drop has shaken these men. Suddenly they begin to appreciate that their new-found wealth was not due solely to their hard work and superior ability.

In fact, agricultural complacency has been much more rudely shaken by the price drops than I had anticipated. The farmers react faster now than they did in the old days. The farmers I talked to had no use for Harold Stassen's idea of divorcing the agricultural committeemen from Washington. They want a chance to plan together to meet problems which are nationwide and worldwide. If there are further price drops this summer, Stassen on the Republican ticket might prove to be a handicap rather than a help to the GOP.

Political prospects for the new progressive party in Minnesota depend on the work that is done in the next few months. The Isacson victory in the Bronx has had a profound effect on the old-line Farmer-Laborites, especially in the Twin Cities, western Minnesota and the Iron Range. Minnesota has long been one of the most politically conscious of all the states. The carrying power of the progressive movement of the nineties was demonstrated by the fact that Minnesota was the largest Northern agricultural state to vote four times for Roosevelt.

Stassen and Knutson represent the reactionary spirit of big money in Minnesota. But it must be remembered that there is another Minnesota which periodically awakens. The Iron Range is already awake. The farmers are beginning to stir. Experienced observers say there was a tremendous change in the Minnesota political climate during February.

The farm housewives are disgusted because their husbands have not been able to use their money to put running water into the house. Plumbing could not be bought. Farm life has deteriorated into a weak imitation of city life. The old social occasions such as church socials, box suppers and square dances have largely disappeared. More and more the farm has become a place to make money rather than a place to live. Farm dissatisfaction is brewing on a broad front and will eventually find a powerful political expression.

Henry A Wallace

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"OBSTRUCTING A LOCOMOTIVE"

After two years and high "gypo" wages, California's redwood lumbermen still strike against five of the "Big Six" sequoia-industry giants

by Emerson Street

EUREKA, CALIF.

IN THE FALL and winter months of 1946, newspapers all over the country were running ads that promised: "Work in the Redwoods. Good conditions in attractive surroundings." From the East, the Middle West and the South; from Little Rock, South Chicago, New Orleans and Junction City, busloads of strangers began to roll into the redwood country along California's northern coast.

In a few weeks, the sawdust burners of the big mills sent up streamers of smoke signaling that men were back at work. The mills weren't operating full blast, and not all the strangers from back over the mountains were working at the saws. What these tenderfeet hadn't known, when they got off the buses and the trains to take on their new jobs, was that they were strikebreakers, brought in to win a dispute that had been going on for almost a year.

Here in Eureka, 75 miles south of the Oregon border, a tractorman named Ward Phillips was one of the redwood strikers who made sure that the newcomers found out. He went down to the station to meet them. "They didn't know about the strike," Ward says, "so I told 'em, and some of them went right back where they came from." When the company sent cars to the depot for the new arrivals, Ward would stick his head into the windows and "talk 'em right back onto the sidewalk."

These men had been shipped West to break what is now the longest major strike in US history. The dispute dates back to January 14, 1946, when 4,000 members of the AFL Lumber and Sawmill Workers' Union struck against nine big lumber concerns, including the gigantic Union, Hammond and Pacific mills—a trio which accounts for 60 percent of total US production.

After nearly 800 days of picketing, only one of the big three—Hammond—has signed with the union. Throughout California's isolated Mendocino and Humboldt Counties, the pickets still line up outside company property. And there is no end in sight.

Both sides have lost heavily. It has cost the AFL, which is financing the walkout with the aid of affiliates throughout the United States, more than a million dollars. But the lumber companies are not doing well either. Not only was their production at one time reduced to a fraction of wartime output (the companies claim full output has since been restored by use of strikebreakers), but they have lost their monopoly of the redwood industry. In 1945, it was estimated that 11 companies produced 95 percent of the redwood. Today scores of independent companies, called "gypos" by owners of the struck mills, have come into the field, forcing competitive cuts in lumber prices and raising wages from 82.5 cents to $1.25 an hour.

The so-called "gypos" have revitalized Eureka and the other struck towns. Their advent has made things considerably easier for the strikers, who, paradoxically, are working for the independents at good wages in union shops while the strike continues. Some of the men say they don't see why they should ever go back, even if the strike is settled.

In the minds of some of the older hands, there is a determination to force Pacific, Union and the other six members of the industry association to give in no matter how long it takes. One of these fighters is Martin Balke.

Balke has put 40 years into the lumber industry and has seen the mill owners at work on their employees. He is convinced that a lumber worker will never get decent wages and security until the "big boys" recognize the union shop. As he stands outside a "strikebound" plant watching a shift of scabs move in, this short, hard woodsman explains briefly how the redwood monopoly got started.

"The redwoods are the biggest trees on earth," he says. "The lumber from one redwood can build 22 five-room bungalows. These trees grow only along the northern California coast. Well, in such a small area, it was a cinch for a few guys to move in and take over the works."

These few exclusive owners have fought a perennial bloody war against unionism to preserve their control of the redwood empire. When the first lumber union was started in Eureka, it kept wages up, exposed company land steals and reduced the sawmill workday from 12 to 10 hours. But the organization was finally broken by vigorous company blacklisting.

The next union, founded in 1906,

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was destroyed after it had won a concession: a union-administered hospital consisting of two beds. The story was the same all along, a history of blacklisting, pickets attacked by company guards, and bedrock wages which went as low as 13 cents an hour during the depression of the thirties. Not until 1942 did the lumber workers' union win bargaining recognition under affiliation with the AFL United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America.

When the lumber workers squared off and presented their demands in 1946, the men didn't have many illusions. The fight involved three basic issues: wages, safety regulations, and job security as typified by the union shop.

The men figured they had a legitimate kick on pay. During the war, they had been frozen to an 82.5-cent-an-hour minimum, and were not allowed to take premium-pay jobs in other defense work, or to move to other lumber areas where minimums ran from 8 to 22 cents an hour higher. The workers remembered, too, how during the depression the lumber industry (as a "gracious gesture") kept the mill hands working at from 13 to 17 cents an hour. Although there was no lumber market at the time, the wood lay and seasoned until the war came, when the lumber companies sold it at sky-high prices.

Safety is a big consideration in an industry where the tools of the trade are axes, saws, tractors, cranes and swinging steel cables. Labor Department figures on lumberjack fatalities show that in 1943 and 1944 twice as many lumber workers died as in any other California industry—53 killed and 175 permanently injured in 1943, and 41 dead and 169 permanently injured in 1944. In 1945, state insurance premiums for the logging industry were higher than for power-line construction and dam building, and twice as high as for air-line pilots. ("Yet we in the woods have still to see a field hospital, an ambulance, or even a stretcher, let alone a doctor," Martin Balke declares grimly. "The only hospitals are back in the big mill towns, 20 to 50 miles from the camps.")

It was on these "Three S's"—salary, safety and security—that the AFL asked for a straightforward decision by January 14, 1946. When January 14 came, the companies ignored the ultimatum and refused to discuss the matter further. The workers, accordingly, stayed in their company shacks.

That morning there wasn't even a fire up in the big mills. For the next six months the nine strikebound plants didn't cut a board. But management held out: it was the time of tax rebates, and the government was allowing corporations to make up their losses by applying prior excess-profits-tax payments.

Then the "gypos" began to spring up in every conceivable spot. A Fresno realtor who needed lumber for his yard bought $20,000 worth of sawmill equipment and started cutting. Soon he was selling rough board off the back of a truck on the Redwood Highway for more than he could get for it in Fresno.

Planing, shingle and plywood mills sprouted next. After the "gypos" blazed the trail, Eastern capital moved in with big swatches of money. One Long Island concern invested heavily in a pair of mills; Weyerhaeuser, behemoth of the Northwest lumber traffic, bought in for a stack of chips, too. California's power monopoly, PG and E, tied a new 66-mile, 60,000-volt transmission line between the redwood counties to supply the power.

Mushrooming competition pricked the big companies into tentative action; they promised to negotiate. The owners made slight concessions on wages, and indicated that safety precautions could be worked out satisfactorily. On the issue of the union shop, however, the lumbermen clamped their jaws shut and went home.

The war began in earnest. It was at this point that the mills actively attempted to break the strike by importing scabs. And the strikers did what they could to fight back. Men like Ward Phillips sneaked through the

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WE DEMAND A SALARY SAFETY SECURITY UNION SHOP IN THE REDWOODS
LUMBER SAWMILL
WE WANT UNION
JOIN OUR FIGHT FOR
AND SAWMILL

DRAWINGS BY ELIZABETH OLDS

deputies' lines into the woods camps and distributed strike literature. Tension between pickets and scabs erupted in violence. A strikebreaker leaped out of a truck with a rifle blasting at Phillips and a friend. Nobody was shot, but a fight started and the truck-driver was severely battered. Now Phillips is out on bail, charged with "inciting to riot and attempted murder." Until the trial begins he will work on a bridge job to support his wife and four small children.

Strikers living in company houses received eviction notices; when a group of them remonstrated, one big timber operator wasted no words: "A man's being a veteran makes no difference to me. If they don't work for me, under my terms, they don't live in my company's houses."

Strikers facing eviction sought aid from government housing authorities, but found that the redwood counties were one of the few areas in the nation that had never been placed under OPA control.

The longer the warfare continued, the dirtier it became. Soon more and more deputies were pouring into the mill towns. Saloon arguments drew heavy fines; one deputy drove a logging engine through a picket line, hitting one of the pickets with the cowcatcher. The picket was then fined for "obstructing a locomotive."

As news of these incidents spread, the public began to take an active part. Committees of citizens organized in the mill communities to press the strikers' case; one church in Eureka accused the companies of "completely dislocating" community life in the area. Union men and veterans' organizations caucused in San Francisco, buttonholing labor officials, newspaper editors and radio commentators.

Although talking helped publicize the strike, it got nothing from Governor Earl Warren. In reply to a wire from the AFL locals requesting intervention, Warren replied: "The Governor has followed closely developments in this matter, but has found himself without legal machinery to proceed in a positive manner."

So the union men forged their own machinery to fight the companies. Led by Piledrivers' Local No. 34, the AFL carpenters' locals pushed a $1-a-member assessment through their district council, thus providing the redwoodsmen with a $300,000 war chest.

With this bank account, swelled by contributions from all over the US, the strikers took the offensive. They struck at the Northwestern Pacific rail yards at Santa Rosa, the point through which the northern mills funneled lumber to interstate and export markets.

For a while the trains kept rolling right on through the first thin picket lines, but three days later a caravan of union men, veterans and union sympathizers jammed the town. Just as a 44-car freight pulled onto the main line, a thousand marchers carrying banners massed on the tracks.

When the engineer saw the crowd, he suddenly remembered his Railroad Brotherhood Rule Book, which allows an engineer to determine when the condition of a railroad is hazardous. He jerked the throttle closed and leaned back in the cab of his engine as the locomotive hissed to a stop. From

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up the track rose a thunderous cheer. It was one of the first times in American history that a picket line had halted a train on the main track.

Two weeks later, strikers demonstrated in the seacoast lumber and fishing town of Fort Bragg, 100 miles farther north. Two thousand men, almost the population of the town, formed a parade a quarter of a mile long and four abreast, tramped through the main street and up to the entrance of the huge, strikebound Union Lumber Company.

Overhead a small plane showered leaflets on the crowd of spectators, while owners and top executives of the big mill stood uncertainly in their office doors watching the throng surge around the company department store and spill over into the company yard.

It was at this point that Abe Muir, the carpenters' general strike organizer, went up to a public-address microphone and let the industry know what kind of fight it had on its hands. Although Muir is no longer in the field, the strikers still talk about his speech that day:

The battle of the redwood workers has become the battle of us all. They fight for union security, the cornerstone of organized labor. This the lumber barons refuse, patiently and stubbornly. Thus they have created a dispute—long, costly and bloody. They will now feel the might of mass organization. Longshoremen will not unload their lumber. Seamen will not sail it. Teamsters will not haul it. Carpenters will not touch it. And for their arrogance, they will be scorned by all of fair mind, in or out of labor.

But Muir's stirring words did not have the support of his own superiors in the AFL national hierarchy. The big show-down battle, fought on a broad, all-union front with mass picketing and a strict boycott of "hot lumber" (boards lacking the union stamp), was not sustained. It was decided that henceforth strike policy would be to concentrate on signing union contracts with independent mills. Mass picketing was abandoned, and Muir's frontal attack on the holdouts was discarded in favor of flanking tactics.

The Brotherhood's international organizers descended on Eureka, and the emphasis shifted from strike action to organization. The AFL worked to tighten its jurisdiction in the redwoods; CIO contributions to the strike fund were mailed back uncashed. The strike went into hibernation.

But as things settled down into dull trench warfare, the first and only break in the millowners' ranks appeared in February, 1947. Hammond, the second largest mill in the redwoods, bolted the industry association and signed a union contract.

The other mills extended a few feeble offers which came to nothing. The owners were willing to discuss pay demands and security, but not the union shop. The union voted down the company proposals 1,242 to 42.

"Hell," said Ray Teel from the floor, "without the union shop they could bust us in a month by keeping and using all the scabs they got now. No dice."

The parties have not negotiated since.

On the picket line at Fort Bragg, where he's stood for two years, 64-year-old Jim Burr looks over into scab country: "See that stockpile? There sits 32 million board feet of lumber —three times more than I ever saw in 35 years of raftin' logs and drag-sawin' for this outfit." He smiles, as he adds, "But they're only shipping 11 carloads a day out now, when they used to send 30. They ain't dumping their stuff so fast."

That's the kind of comfort Burr is getting after two years on the line. His morale gets a boost also at the weekly union meetings, where the redwood strikers get together and talk one another out of the moods of depression that are inevitable during a long struggle. Last week one of the union organizers asked Burr if he was getting tired of the whole thing.

"Tired?" Burr came back wearily. "I was 35 years in that mill, and I'm good for 35 on the outside, if that's what it takes."

Fentriss Hill, president of Northern Redwood, buttons things up neatly for the owners. The companies will outlast the men, just as they have in the past. It is unfortunate, he says, but management is still going to run the redwood industry. That's all.

In two long years the distance between Hill and Burr hasn't grown any shorter.

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THE BOSSES LEAVE TOWN

Tired of "Third Ward" politics, US cities like Portsmouth and Richmond are turning toward the council-manager plan

by Alexander L. Crosby

TWELVE YEARS AGO Richard Martin was just a bumptious and troublesome young reporter to the town fathers of Manchester, Connecticut. Martin's articles in the Manchester *Herald*, describing the official deliberations of the Board of Selectmen, were so uncomplimentary that these embarrassed worthies voted to bar him from their meetings.

That didn't stop Martin. Within a few weeks he had himself elected a selectman; he then began telling Manchester it ought to toss out its horse-and-buggy town government by abolishing selectmen altogether and installing the council-manager plan. Anything less than a full managerial revolution—such as mere reshuffling of town officials—would produce only superficial reforms that would peter out in a few months, he felt.

Last November the town finally capitulated and voted itself some brand-new administrative machinery, to be run by a professional executive supervised by a town council. For the first time in its history, Manchester is being run on a business basis.

Manchester furnishes only one example of the trend toward the council-manager plan that is gaining ground all over the United States. Small groups of crusading townspeople are convincing their fellow citizens that a town or city is a corporation that can be run efficiently only by a man specifically trained for the job. No local politician elected because of a pleasant personality, they say, can be expected to deal with the complexities of modern civic life any more than he could operate a factory or coal mine: town government is a full-time job for experts, not ward-heelers or part-time mayors.

The National Municipal League, which has advocated the council-manager plan since 1915, provides figures to show how the switch to the plan is accelerating. It reports that 809 cities and counties are now using it—as compared to 158 in 1930. Today one out of every four cities of 10,000 or more population has the system, and if the present rate of adoption continues, the council-manager plan will become the prevailing form of local government within the next decade.

The transition is not easy. When the council-manager issue is injected into town politics, it usually raises the back hair of the old-liners. For the first time in years, the townspeople fill all the seats at town meetings; names are called, and a friendship is occasionally broken. But the lot of the reformers in the big cities is even more difficult. Instead of a committee of stuffy dignitaries, these crusaders find themselves battling slick political machines that specialize in impersonal warfare—consequently success comes harder.

It took plenty of pepper to convert Portsmouth, New Hampshire, last fall. Proponents of a "new deal" council type of government were temporarily stymied by Governor Charles Dale, who ordered his radio station to keep local political news off the air. Dale was supported by Portsmouth's mayor, an attractive woman whose pretty daughters enhanced her campaign.

To crown these woes, the reform proponents saw their proposal buried in an insignificant spot on a long and complicated ballot. Finally the permanent voting list was invalidated two months before the election, necessitating re-registration by every voter.

The supporters of the council-manager plan retaliated. Backed by the Portsmouth *Herald*, they formed a committee and raised $2,000 to educate the citizens. Doorbells buzzed and politicians shook hands with everyone they met.

On election day 7,250 of the 8,600 registered voters turned out, a record in the history of the 325-year-old community. The council-manager charter had a plurality of 3,529 to 2,225—97 votes short of a majority of the total vote. But a recount revealed that tired election officials in Governor Dale's district had overlooked 93 votes favoring the charter, and 50 more ayes were uncovered elsewhere. The charter had won.

The big problem in overhauling antiquated city administrations is often one of getting out the vote. A handful of citizens has installed the council-manager plan in Richmond, Virginia, by increasing the total vote in a munici-

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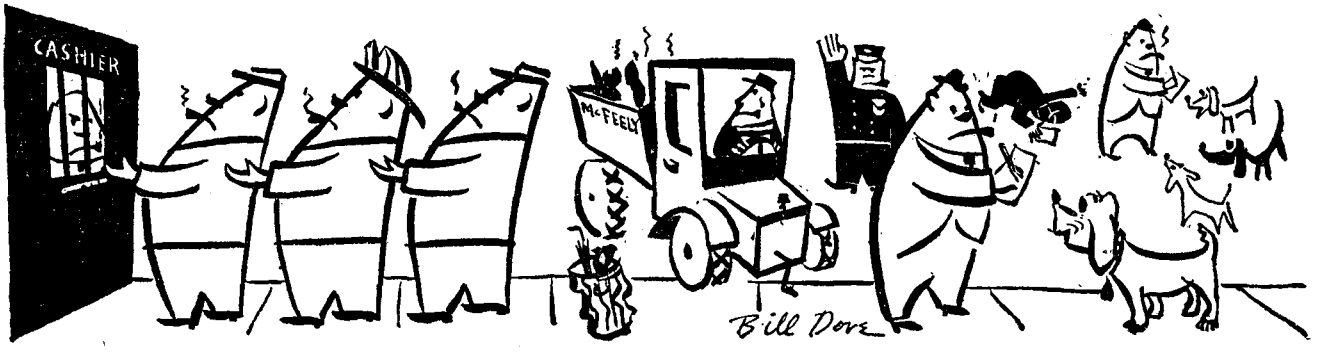

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pal election by 907 percent. Whereas in 1944, Richmond's mayor was elected by 2,819 votes out of 2,944 (there were 2,987 employees on the city payroll), the reformers polled 21,567 votes to 8,060 for the council-manager charter last November.

No such quick and overwhelming victories have come to civic crusaders in Hoboken, New Jersey, however. This smoke-stained city of 50,000 people, crowded into an area of little more than a square mile, is a prime example of just how steep and rocky the road to permanent reform can be.

Hoboken is the seat of Stevens Institute of Technology and of 233 saloons; it is also the terminal of the Lackawanna Railroad and of transatlantic steamship lines. For 22 years it was ruled by the McFeely machine, an affiliate of Frank Hague's Democratic organization in adjoining Jersey City.

Mayor Bernard ("Barnacle") McFeely took care of his own. Brother Edward was chief of police; nephew Dennis, deputy chief; nephew Edward, inspector of police; nephew Thomas, superintendent of schools; niece Dolores, school clerk; nephew John, road superintendent; and niece Helen, city nurse. Seven other McFeely girls married into the municipal payroll, their mates ranging in economic importance from city purchasing agent down to water-department clerk. The McFeely Contracting Company collected the city garbage in two-horse dump carts, a smelly but profitable arrangement.

But the collecting McFeelys underestimated the power of Margaret Fife and her mimeographing machine.

Mrs. Fife was the soft-spoken president of the Hoboken League of Women Voters, and also edited the League's paper, the *Slate*.

For ten years this little publication complained about McFeely. Many citizens agreed privately with everything the League said, but dared not proclaim their opposition to the boss. Finally, in 1946, the League got unexpected allies: 17 policemen. The cops had asked Police Chief Edward McFeely to comply with a state law granting a day off each week. McFeely punished them with extra long assignments and unnecessary tours of duty. He made the fabulous charge that the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association was trying to capture Hoboken for the Communist Party.

The League invited the policemen to tell their story at a public meeting, and the alliance was born. First fruit was approval of a civil-service system in the November, 1946, election. Six months later Mayor McFeely and his fellow commissioners were beaten by a reform slate. The new commissioners, one of whom was Vice-President John Grogan of the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers (CIO), promised to hire outside experts for a comprehensive survey of Hoboken's government.

This pledge was kept. Dr. Thomas H. Reed and his wife, Doris D. Reed, chief diagnosticians of the National Municipal League's consultant service, studied everything in Hoboken from the city hall to the city pound.

The Reeds found that Hoboken was a perfect example of how to preserve a political machine while the city goes to pot. There were 714 employees doing work for which no more than 446 were needed. The Welfare Department was paying $37,500 in salaries to 23 persons to distribute $35,000 in relief to 62 clients—and was neglecting to claim a 40-percent reimbursement from the state because the books wouldn't bear inspection.

Three schools were firetraps, and so was the fire headquarters. The city hall hadn't been painted for years and the odor of the ancient jail reached every office. The sewer system was disintegrating. Water mains were so rust-eaten that 29 percent of the supply was lost—a waste of $67,000 a year.

The city spent liberally for a recreation staff headed by a 78-year-old superintendent hired in 1910. But there was not one public tennis court, not one park or playground equipped for contemporary needs.

The public library was packed with 15 professional women whose duties included dusting the shelves, mending books and taking hourly counts of the patrons. Only one member had had any formal library training.

There was no electrical code. The sanitary code had been written in 1891, and there was no record of sanitary inspections except when someone applied for a license. Three sanitary inspectors spent most of their time on a house-to-house census of the city's dog population.

Hoboken's general death rate was running 21 percent higher than for the rest of New Jersey, infant mortality 50 percent higher, the tuberculosis death rate 105 percent higher.

The Reeds urged one permanent solution. They recommended that Hoboken junk its commission government and adopt the modern manager plan.

The post-election doings of the "reform" commissioners showed how right the Reeds were. Boss Frank Hague soon won his way into the commissioners' good graces, and recently they reappointed a McFeely man to the school board.

Hoboken's independent voters are disgusted, but they have learned their lesson. Their next objective is the council-manager plan. A competent city manager, they now know, is the only answer to ward-boss municipal government.

New Jersey's ex-Governor Charles Edison, who has been watching the Hoboken affair closely, says it is about time the voters got stirred up over local politics, and not just for local reasons, either. "The corrupt influence of the little governments will work up into national and even international affairs," he warns. "Senators and judges who are the products of local political machines cannot be expected to rise above the ethical level of the environment that produced them when they are given new and greater authority. They are likely to think they can run the nation or the world as they ran the Third Ward."

The good citizens of Hoboken, Richmond, Portsmouth and Manchester agree with Edison and are doing something about it.

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American Movers and Shakers: No. 4 "Sure, Hinnissy, I do not care who makes th' laws iv a nation if I can get out an injunction," said the fictitious Irish bartender whose fame grew to dwarf his creator, Finley Peter Dunne:

MR. DOOLEY: A Man of Great Renown

by Lloyd Morris

IT WAS JUNE, 1902. At the Casino Theater in New York, first-nighters were attending "The Chinese Honeymoon," a new musical comedy. Its star, the comedian Thomas Q. Seabrooke, had begun a song that would presently sweep the country:

There's a man that's known to all, a man of great renown,
A man whose name is on the lips of everyone in town,
You read about him every day, you've heard his name no doubt,
And if he even sneezes they will get an extra out.

For Mr. Dooley, for Mr. Dooley,
The greatest man the country ever knew,
Quite diplomatic and democratic
Is Mr. Dooley-ooley-ooley-oo.

A spotlight threw its glare into one of the stage boxes, where a man embarrassedly fiddled with his pince-nez. He was an average-looking citizen: thirty-five years old, short, compactly built, brown-haired and blue-eyed, with a pugnacious chin and an expression so serious as to be almost solemn. Not many in the audience knew his name: Finley Peter Dunne.

But nearly every American could have identified Mr. Dooley. Martin Dooley was as famous as Sherlock Holmes and, like Holmes, he was an invented personality; he had been created by Dunne. Dooley was an American of Irish birth who owned a humble saloon on "Archey Road," in the quarter of Chicago where Irish immigrants had congregated. Dooley's wise and witty discussions of current issues—which he explained, over the bar, to his dumb and gullible friend, Hennessy—were appearing as a weekly feature in newspapers throughout the country. Magazines like *Collier's* and *Harper's Weekly* also featured them. They were collected in books, some of which were best-sellers.

Dunne becomes Dooley. In these various forms of publication, Dooley was portrayed by the leading illustrators of the time: F. B. Opper, E. W. Kemble, James Montgomery Flagg, among others. But Finley Peter Dunne did not sign his Dooley articles. Dooley led a life of his own and, less than a decade from his first appearance, in the Chicago *Post*, had become a national institution.

During the period between the Spanish-American War and the First World War, Dooley was an active maker of public opinion in the United States. It was the period of a "quest for social justice," of muckraking, reform movements, a rising tide of political liberalism. Americans were being confronted by momentous issues: imperialism; the protective tariff; labor's right to organize; control of monopolies and trusts; the corrupt alliance of big business and big politics; and the subordination of human rights to property rights that had resulted from a half-century of industrial expansion.

DRAWING BY NEUWIRTH
FINLEY PETER DUNNE

On most of these issues, Dooley had something pertinent to say. He said it in tones that ranged from blistering irony to gentle humor. Dooley could always make the American people laugh. They seldom realized how deeply he could make them think.

Dooley couldn't be hoodwinked. When political leaders like McKinley and Bryan loudly appealed to principles laid down by the Founding Fathers, he would tell his friend: "Be hivins, Hinnissy, I want me advice up-to-date, an' whin Mack an' Willum Jennings tells me what George Wash-'n'ton an' Thomas Jefferson said, I says to thim: 'Gintlemen, they larned their trade befure th' days iv open plumbin',' I says. 'Tell us what is wanted be ye'ersilf or call in a journeyman who's wurrkin' card is dated this cinchry'."

When William Howard Taft, as Governor of the Philippines, reported on the quelling of revolt in those recently acquired islands, Dooley, sickened by news of the cruelties practised by the Army in subduing the insurgents, bitterly satirized Taft's official account: "It is not always nicessary to kill a Filipino American right away. . . . We are givin' hundreds iv these

(Continued on page 22)

Lloyd Morris is the author of Postscript to Yesterday, Threshold in the Sun *and* The Rebellious Puritan. *He has also lectured at Columbia University.*

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SHALL WE TAKE OUR TURN AT MURDER?

If Palestine is lost it will be our fault. Murder will stalk the Near East . . . and it will be our fault . . . yours and mine!

American Big Business, egged on by its partner, political Christendom, is sabotaging the UN, the only guarantee of a Jewish Palestine.

The American people should write their State Department today that the UN Palestine decision must not be sat on or "consulted" to death.

The battle for Jewish survival either in Palestine or elsewhere has always been a battle with political Christendom. The enemies of Jewish life are those "Christians" who exclude the Jew first from the normal pursuits of life and then from life itself.

It is for this reason that THE PROTESTANT has fought anti-Semitism as a *CHRISTIAN SIN*, that is, as a sin against Christ and against the democratic spirit and way of life.

The real enemies of a Jewish Palestine are the agents of an anachronistic church state whose European counter-parts coldly arranged for a slaughter of the innocents. Did not the scourge of fascism rise under the patronage of the political church? Is not a new fascism right now being prepared in Western Europe under the same auspices?

THE PROTESTANT insists that there is a fatal maleficence in political Christianity and has organized a group of pioneering Christian ministers within the church to *CUT OUT THE CANCER OF ANTI-SEMITISM FROM THE BODY OF CHRISTENDOM.* Representatives of these ministers publish the Good Friday Message which follows.

Can there remain a doubt that the performance of this operation is a *rock-bottom necessity* if Western civilization is to survive? Our venture, as in this Good Friday Message, is based on our faith that you will join this movement and help these courageous ministers perform their difficult task.

KENNETH LESLIE

GOOD FRIDAY MESSAGE

WE CANNOT PERMIT THE CROSS OF CHRIST TO BE USED AS A BLUDGEON IN THE HANDS OF THOSE WHO WOULD USE THE JEWS, OR ANY OTHER RELIGIOUS OR RACIAL GROUP, AS SCAPEGOATS IN THEIR THRUST FOR FASCIST POWER OVER AMERICA.

THIS WEEK we commemorate the Crucifixion of Jesus. We witness again as a Christian people the willingness of a Great Love to make the ultimate sacrifice so that all men might be free to share in the forgiving grace of God.

HOWEVER, *as we remember Golgotha, we are gravely concerned on this Good Friday over the manner in which the Crucifixion story will be interpreted in many American pulpits by minister and priest.*

WE HAVE *no record whatsoever of Jesus denouncing His own people as He did violently denounce certain official leaders. On the contrary, nothing but weeping, nothing but words of affection come from His lips for His people.*

CHRISTENDOM, SOMETIMES BY INDIRECTION BUT OFTEN DIRECTLY, HAS PLACED THE WHOLE JEWISH PEOPLE UNDER CONDEMNATION, MISREADING THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS FOR HIS PEOPLE AS THE ANGRY JUDGMENT OF GOD

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people were responsible for the death of Jesus.

WE CAN *never forget that Jesus was a Jew. So popular was He with his own people that the Gospel says, "the people heard Him gladly" and "followed Him in their multitude." It is our belief that the life and death of Jesus are a tribute to the Jewish people, not only for having produced Him, but for the way in which they received him.*

IN FACT, it was His popularity which led to His downfall at the hands of the political ecclesiastical machine of the time. It was at night they tried Him because they feared the wrath of the people.

1800 years has the blood of Christ been upon the Jews. This has recently been removed by the good sense and courage of the publisher. Such improvements, though belated, are welcome and show a willingness to change if democracy demands it. And the very existence of democracy demands the immediate end of this misreading of the Scriptures which is the forcing ground of that modern destroyer of democracy: Fascist anti-Semitism.

CHRISTENDOM CAN NO LONGER STAND SILENT IN THE FACE OF THE GREAT LIE ABOUT THE CRUCIFIXION WHICH HAS SET THE STAGE FOR THE VICIOUS AND BRUTAL ANTI-SEMITISM WE SEE IN THE WORLD TODAY.

OUR PLEDGE

On this Holy Day, we pledge ourselves along with 6,000 other Christian ministers associated with THE PROTESTANT to do all in our power, through preaching, teaching, and by direct action, to eradicate forever from America the "Christian" sin of anti-Semitism.

A FEW REPRESENTATIVE SIGNATORIES OF THE ABOVE GOOD FRIDAY MESSAGE

Rev. William T. Baird
Rev. Lee H. Ball
Rev. Reginald H. Bass
Dr. Herbert A. Bente
Dr. K. A. Bishara
Rev. Verle W. Blair
Rev. Henri F. Blanchot
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Rev. Roger J. Steiner
Dr. Geza Takaro
Rev. Lawrence E. Thomas
Rev. J. Francis Vought
Rev. Wilfred Wakefield
Rev. Norman G. Webster

6,000 ordained Christian ministers have pledged themselves to smash anti-Semitism and to undo through their preaching and teaching the ill-effects of previous false teaching. Help them carry on their task through the Ministerial Action Committees of THE PROTESTANT by contributing as generously as possible.

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pore benighted haythen th' well known, ol'fashioned American wather cure. . . . Ivrywhere happiness, contint, love iv th' shtep-mother counthry, excipt in places where there are people."

When President Theodore Roosevelt issued one of his numerous pronouncements on the trust problem, Dooley set the country to laughing by his paraphrase: " 'Th' thrusts are heejus monsthers built up be th' inlightened intherprise iv th' men that have done so much to advance progress in our beloved counthry,' he says. 'On one hand I wud stamp thim undher fut; on th' other hand not so fast'." And when the struggle of Morgan and Harriman to capture the Northern Pacific Railroad brought on a panic, with the usual pious protestations of innocence from the great financiers, Dooley reminded his fellow citizens that "whin business gets above sellin' ten-pinny nails in a brown paper cornucopy, 'tis hard to tell it fr'm murther."

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG'S DOOLEY

Chicago Irishman. Finley Peter Dunne, Dooley's creator, was born in Chicago in 1867, the son of Irish immigrants who had prospered. He was brought up in an atmosphere of religious piety and middle-class respectability. His father was a Democrat and an active party worker. His mother, much younger than her husband, was a woman of bookish tastes, widely read and ambitious for her son.

Young Dunne went to high school; his mother no doubt meant him to go to college. But she died, and thereafter he did poorly in his studies. He developed a talent for political debate, made humorous contributions to the school paper, and was graduated last in his class. At seventeen, he found work on a Chicago newspaper.

For the next ten years he moved from one paper to another, serving as local reporter, writing editorials, covering national politics, handling the city desk, and helping get up an early Sunday supplement. It was a notable era in Chicago journalism. Eugene Field was producing his daily column, "Sharps and Flats." Among the younger recruits were Theodore Dreiser and Alfred Henry Lewis, later known as novelists; George Ade, who achieved fame as a humorist; Brand Whitlock, later to become the reform mayor of Toledo and wartime Ambassador to Belgium; the cartoonists Art Young and John T. McCutcheon.

Young radicals. Radical ideas were in the air, and although the papers for which they worked were inflexibly conservative, the Whitechapel Club which they organized gave the young writers a forum in which to air their political cynicism and their disillusionment with a social order dominated by the economics of big business. It was Ade, with his "Fables in Slang," and Dunne, with Mr. Dooley, who were soon to translate into effective journalism their distaste for the sacred cows of a materialistic America.

That both chose dialect as their medium was perhaps no accident. Dialect sugar-coated the bitterness of their attack. As Dunne remarked long afterward, while it might be dangerous to call an alderman a thief in English, no one could sue if a comic Irishman denounced the statesman as a thief.

Dunne brought forward his "comic Irishman," the prototype of Mr. Dooley, in articles for the Sunday edition of the Chicago *Post*, to serve as commentator on the Columbian Exposition of 1893. Colonel McNeery was recognizably modeled on a prominent saloon-owner of Dearborn Street, and it was only when this dignified original protested against the likeness that Dunne casually invented a replacement.

America had never been without her crackerbox philosophers, but Martin Dooley was a daring creation. He was "shanty Irish"; he came of the socially despised immigrant class, and was proud of it. Worse still, Dooley was a barkeeper in an outlying slum. Yet Chicago soon found, as the whole nation did later, that the most penetrating criticism of its day-by-day life and the most deadly appraisal of its political leaders and business tycoons issued from a fictitious, fly-specked tavern on Archey Road.

Almost immediately, Dooley caught the popular imagination with his common-sense realism, his impudent refusal to be awed by pretensions or prestige, his savage hatred of all forms of hypocrisy, humbug, sham and moral cowardice. For in his colloquies with his neighbor, Hennessy, Martin Dooley spoke for his inarticulate fellow citizens, the Americans who, now as then, "suffer and are silent."

The summer of 1894 brought Dunne his first major opportunity to express a loathing of social injustice that was to characterize his best work. Unemployment was widespread; misery was acute; in Chicago, the economic crisis came to a head in the Pullman strike and the sympathy strike of Eugene Debs's American Railway Union, finally suppressed by federal troops sent to the city by President Cleveland against the express wishes of Governor John P. Altgeld.

The inhumanity of Pullman's policy toward his striking employees, and his hasty flight from the scene, evoked Dooley's hearty scorn. "This here Pullman makes th' sleepin' cars an' th' Constitootion looks afther Pullman. . . . He calls out George Wash'ngton an' Abraham Lincoln an' Gin'ral Miles . . . an' thin puts on his hat an' lams away. 'Gintlemin,' says he, 'I must be

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off,' he says. 'Defind the Constitootion,' he says. 'Me own is not iv th' best,' he says, 'an' I think I'll help it be spindin' the summer,' he says, 'on th' shores iv th' Atlantic ocean'!"

After the strike had been suppressed, there was actual starvation in Pullman's widely publicized, pseudo-philanthropic company town. Dooley returned to the attack. "But what's it all to Pullman? Whin Gawd quarried his heart a happy man was made. He cares no more f'r thim little matthers iv life an' death thin I do f'r O'Conner's tab. 'Th' women an' childhern is dyin' iv hunger,' they says. 'Will ye not put out ye'er hand to help thim?' they says. 'Ah, what th' 'ell,' says George. 'What th' 'ell,' he says. 'James,' he says, 'a bottle iv champagne an' a piece iv crambree pie. What th' 'ell, what th' 'ell, what th' 'ell'."

Dunne's lack of reverence for predatory wealth was shown in his persistent campaign against the traction magnate Charles T. Yerkes—the "Cowperwood" of Theodore Dreiser's *The Financier* and *The Titan*—and his political henchmen, "Hinky-Dink" Kenna and "Bathhouse John" Coughlin, who kept Chicago in a morass of corruption. But Dooley had his notions of how reform might be brought about, and these were scarcely flattering to the civic morality of Chicago's "best people." Was it not the so-called respectable class that bought the services of politicians like Kenna and Coughlin; that guaranteed the bonds issued by plunderers like Yerkes?

"I'd put up a social colony like Hull House downtown near th' banks an' th' board iv thrade an' th' stock exchange," Dooley suggested. "I'd have ladin' men come in an' larn be contact with poor an' honest people th' advantage iv a life they've on'y heard iv. I think th' Hull House idee is right, but I'd apply it diff'rent. A man wurrukin' in a bank all day thryin' to get money anny way he can, how's he goin' to know anny diff'rent?"

But, convinced though he was of the necessity for reform, Dooley was skeptical about the panaceas of professional reformers. "A man that'd expict to thrain lobsters to fly in a year is called a loonytic," he observed; "but a man that thinks men can be turned into angels be an iliction is a rayformer an' remains at large." And some years later, pondering the efforts of the muckrakers, with whom he was eventually to be associated, Dooley compared them with those of Mrs. Doherty, a boardinghouse keeper obsessed by a passion for cleanliness, a good woman whose "idee iv life was a combination of pneumony an' love." The boarders defeated her hopes of achieving spotlessness, and one of them finally undertook to explain why it so fell out. "Th' throuble with this house is that it is occypied entirely be human bein's. . . . If 'twas a vacant house . . . it cud aisily be kept clean."

National fame. His pungent reflections on the conduct of the Spanish-American War first won Dooley a national audience. As Dunne acknowledged nearly forty years later, they helped to puncture and deflate the cant and hypocrisy "that are as inevitable companions of war as lice and pneumococci and taxes."

Presently, Dooley was being syndicated in newspapers throughout the country, and Dunne, severing his connections with the Chicago press, settled in New York. As a young reporter, he had cherished the ambition of becoming a newspaper publisher; now, he hoped to achieve fame as a novelist or playwright. But Dooley eclipsed him, for people seldom thought about Dunne. They rejoiced in Dooley, and from Dunne they wanted nothing else.

An incurable procrastinator, gregarious, fond of good drink, food and talk, Dunne shirked the drudgery of writing whenever he could. Many an early Dooley piece was hammered out only because he needed money, under pressure of a deadline, with a copy-boy snatching every few sentences as they were written and rushing them to the composing room. Yet Dunne wrote apparently without effort, often shaping in less than one hour the barbed Dooley wisdom that presently would inflame public opinion. Dooley was not Dunne; he was indomitably himself. But Dunne, in the end, became Dooley. Though he was a master ironist, there is no evidence that he appreciated the irony of a fame which sacrificed him to his own creation.

Week by week, from the turn of the century to within a few years of the First World War, Dooley continued to make the American people laugh and think. Dooley's opinions on public affairs were a feature of President McKinley's cabinet meetings and were anxiously followed by all men in public life, many of whom felt the sharp edge of his wit or blistering scorn.

The nation rocked with laughter over his jibe at Theodore Roosevelt's naïve egotism, which had inspired a book on the "Rough Riders"; "If I was him I'd call the book 'Alone in Cubia'." Remembering that Andrew Carnegie had sold defective armor plate to the Navy, Americans found little fault with Dooley's proposal that he be sent to teach the Filipinos "pathreetism with blowholes into it."

Of John D. Rockefeller, Dooley noted, "Three years ago he seemed in-

DOOLEY, BY F. B. OPPER . . .

. . . AND BY ALBERT WILBUR STEELE

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DRAWINGS FROM "MR. DOOLEY'S AMERICA," BY ELMER ELLIS, KNOPF

DOOLEY AND HENNESSY BY W. A. ROGERS ("HARPER'S WEEKLY," 1899)

sured against punishment ayether here or hereafter. . . . He had squared th' legislachures, th' courts, th' pollyticians an' th' Baptist clergy. . . . His heart was pure, seein' that he had never done wrong save in th' way of business. . . ."

As a barkeeper, Dooley was familiar with the results produced by an insatiable appetite for drink. How different were those produced by an insatiable greed for profits? "A titan iv Finance," he asserted, "is a man that's got more money thin he can carry without bein' disordherly."

In the first decade of the century, Martin Dooley's appeal was like a social plumb line. It not only reached the plain people at the bottom, but the intellectuals whose normal preference was for more delicate fare. Dooley was a favorite with Henry Adams. When Dooley expounded the philosophy of pragmatism to his friend Hennessy, William James gleefully informed his brother Henry that its fortune was made. Henry James himself delighted in Dooley, and Dunne was the only man of letters whom he wished to meet when he returned to the United States after an absence of nearly 25 years.

The basis of Dooley's universal appeal lay deeper than humor. He spoke as a moralist, and he became everyman's philosopher largely because he translated into ethical terms the major issues of the day. He addressed the American conscience, always sensitive to extreme discrepancies between what is and what ought to be; he invited it to consider the disparity of American democratic principles and common American practice.

Fuel to burn. Liberals of the day counted him a powerful ally. When the original muckrakers—Ida M. Tarbell, Ray Stannard Baker and Lincoln Steffens—broke away from *McClure's* to take over the *American,* they persuaded Dunne to join them, and he proved to be the most valuable of recruits. Was it not Dooley who first cocked a skeptical eye at the Supreme Court; sacred, infallible, a citadel of the rights of property? "No matther whether th' Constitootion follows the flag or not," said Dooley, "th' Supreme Court follows th' iliction returns."

In the great coal strike of 1902, a Morgan satellite announced that the rights of labor were to be determined by the capitalists "to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of the country." Dooley spoke for the outraged American conscience: "Ivrybody will have plenty of fuel this winter. Th' rich can burn with indignation, thinkin' iv th' wrongs inflicted on capital, th' middle or middlin' class will be marchin' with th' milishy, an' th' poor can fight among thimsilves an' burn th' babies. . . . Git out iv th' way, f'r here comes property, dhrunk and raisin' Cain."

Optimistic American. Yet for all his skepticism, Dunne, writing as Dooley and reducing the vast national arena to the comfortable dimensions of a proletarian barroom, took a sanguine view of the American future. He loved his country too well not to feel confident that, with time and patience, it would be able to solve its most pressing problems wisely, and with justice. He had a searching eye for evil, but his vision was of good, and he was convinced of the equality of all men.

He distrusted a cult of progress which defined progress only in materialistic terms—the "little buildin's that are called skyscrapers, but not be th' sky"; he wanted, instead, to see "skyscrapin' men." He distrusted privilege, and sought to expose the hypocrisy under which it disguised its motives: "If ye'd turn on the gas in the darkest heart, ye'd find it had a good raison f'r th' worst things it done, a good varchous raison, like needin' th' money or punishin' th' wicked or tachin' people a lesson to be more careful, or protectin' th' liberties of mankind, or needin' the money."

Better than any of the liberals of his time, he knew the fitful nature of American enthusiasm, to which they were all appealing. He had once compared it to a fire on an ice floe: "It burns bright so long as ye feed it, an' it looks good, but it don't take hold, somehow, on th' ice." Yet, until the First World War routed the forces of liberalism, Dooley did as much as any liberal to keep that flame alive. To millions of Americans, inarticulately hopeful for a democratic social order, he served as "a post to hitch ye'er silences to."

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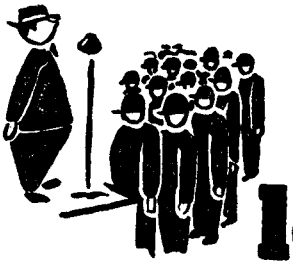

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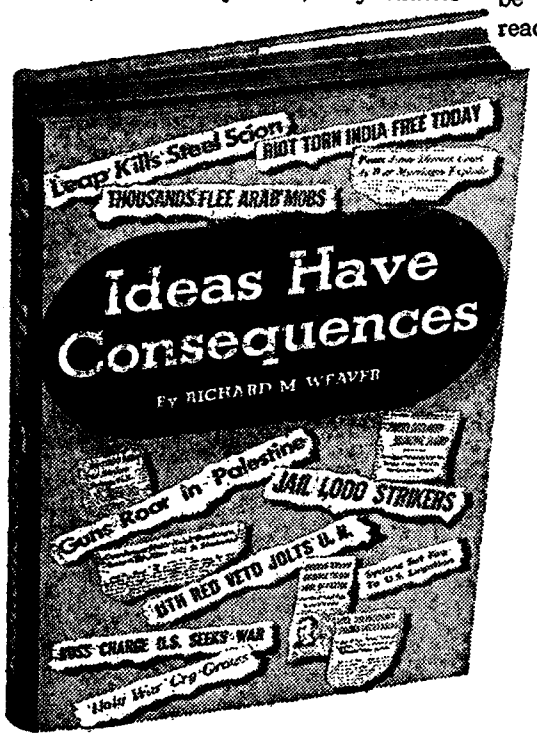
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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE EDUCATION OF JAMES MADISON

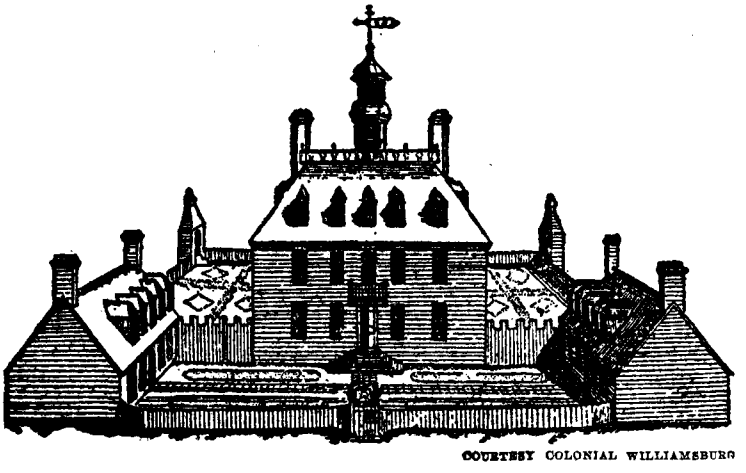
by George Dangerfield

AT THE BEGINNING of this, the second volume of a most valuable and scholarly work, James Madison is about to take his seat as a young delegate to the Continental Congress. At the end of the book (*James Madison: The Nationalist, 1780-1787*, by Irving Brant; Bobbs-Merrill, $6), he is on the threshold of the Constitutional Convention. It is therefore with the Articles of Confederation and with Madison's interpretation of them that Brant is chiefly concerned.

If history is teleological in nature, if it is something or somebody capable of pronouncing a verdict, then its verdicts are apt to be snobbish. It condemns anything short-lived, or financially incapable, or merely optimistic. It turns a cold shoulder to the Articles of Confederation, which are full of charm, not only because of their endearing style and orthography, but because of their even more endearing assumption that man is an angel. Had they worked, the world would have been measurably nearer the millennium in 1781 than it is in 1948. As it turned out, their life was impotent, chaotic and brief, and never could have been anything else: but the charm remains.

Brant, possibly in order to justify the actions of James Madison, takes the position that the Confederation of 1781 was a government as well as a treaty. The position is a generous one, but it is tenable only if we construe the Articles very broadly. James Madison was a very broad constructionist. He contemplated the anarchy around him; he decided that a consolidated government alone could restore order; he searched the Articles for federal powers. This nationalist decision was heroic, and as obvious as it was impracticable. The really odd feature in it is that the James Madison who, in 1781, began discovering by implication so many federal powers in the Articles, should have turned into the James Madison who in 1791 openly abjured that very same "doctrine of implication" and became for a season a narrow constructionist, a jealous watch-dog of the enumerated powers.

How much of his yearning for implied powers, in 1781-83, was due to the critical state of continental affairs, and how much was inherent in his thinking? There exists an essay by the late Henry Cabot Lodge which claims that Madison was always a Federalist at heart, and by "Federalist" Lodge meant a Hamiltonian Federalist. As Brant pursues Madison from one implied power to another—a power to lay wartime embargoes, a power to impress, a power to apply military coercion to a delinquent state, a power to collect taxes from the states by force—he does seem to be propelling his victim, with whoops of joy, straight into the arms of Lodge. At the last moment, in the very nick of time, he snatches the breathless Madison from that rather dreadful embrace.



COURTESY COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG

Brant's exposition is a masterly one. We are told that Madison worked very closely with Alexander Hamilton in the Continental Congress; that it was Madison who first openly proposed a federal assumption of state debts; that his language in the Address to the States was positively Hamiltonian in its tenderness toward speculators in government securities. (To do James Madison more justice than, in this instance, Brant does, one should add that he was afterwards able to explain this language away.)

A deep abyss began to yawn elsewhere between him and Hamilton. As Brant points out, their difference concerning the objectives of the redemption of Continental currency was fundamental and lasting. Madison, then and thereafter, never could swallow Hamilton's nostrum: that a healthy country is a country bound together through the self-interest of moneyed men. Nor could he discover in the Articles any federal power to charter a bank; and when he voted for the bank he did so with an "acquiescing, rather than an affirmative" voice. He yielded, but he yielded with a sigh.

The alliance was therefore uneasy; but, if I follow Brant's argument, it was founded upon a common taste for strong government which, with Madison as with Hamilton, was due as much to predilection as it was to politics. From this point of view, Brant's second volume would seem to perform two tasks. On the one hand, it increases the stature of the pre-Convention James Madison. It shows that in these early and formative

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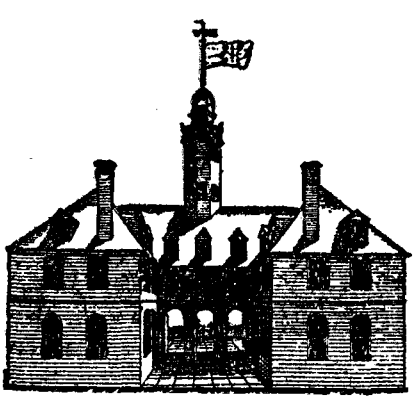
years he was a man who cared nothing for popularity, a public servant in every sense of the word.

On the other hand, it adds a new and fascinating bill of particulars to that sentence of excommunication from the orthodox Jeffersonian church which was pronounced upon Madison in 1808; and which has been pronounced, on and off, ever since. It also projects a light into the character of the President Madison who saved himself only by a last veto from becoming, by total immersion, a convert to the American System of Henry Clay. Madison always stopped short. He stopped short of Hamilton's veneration for the rich and the well born. He stopped short, as Brant says, of any real share in Jefferson's "sympathy for the oppressed." For all the boldness which he displayed in these and the succeeding years, at the heart of his character and his temperament there lay a prevailing caution.

Perhaps that is why his personality, which has eluded everyone who has tried to write about him, seems so far to have slipped from the grasp of Brant as well. We cannot but admire the monument which he is building. The proportions are just, the embellishments are neither too fanciful nor too heavy; the inscription tells us much that we need to know about the philosopher, the scholar, the patriot, the parliamentarian. But what about the human being? Is the actual corpse of James Madison interred beneath this admirable structure? On this point we shall have to suspend judgment until the work is completed.

George Dangerfield is a well known historian now working on a study of the administrations of Monroe and Adams.



OUT OF AFRICA

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY, by Alan Paton (Charles Scribner's Sons; $3).

MANY GOOD BOOKS have come out of South Africa, and no doubt many more will come, but it is difficult to believe that any will compare favorably with Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country.* Since Olive Schreiner's *The Story of a South African Farm* (1883), colonial literature has produced nothing like it, so far as I know. To say that Paton's is the more profound, compassionate, dramatic and important book is probably to say that *Cry, the Beloved Country* is one of the best novels of our time. In the magic, symbolic Zulu idiom of its prose, it is without doubt one of the most beautifully written.

In such praise I believe Olive Schreiner would surely join. One can imagine her sitting by her candle in the Karroo desert, following the humble old Zulu parson, Kumalo, from his Griqualand valley to Johannesburg as he goes in search of Absalom, his only son. Tens of thousands of African natives have left their families and hills for Johannesburg, for under Johannesburg there is gold—the gold which has broken up every tribal tradition, offered the native nothing in place of those traditions, and driven men of all colors to drink, madness and murder.

When Kumalo discovers that gold has made his brother into a "politician" who fears to speak the whole truth, his sister into a prostitute and his son into a thief, he can only turn to his God. But when he learns that Absalom, out of fear, has shot dead the black people's most staunch white supporter and only son of James Jarvis, the landowner in whose valley Kumalo has his church, the old man cannot even pray. "There is no prayer left in me," he says. "I am dumb here inside. I have no words at all."

Kumalo never has many words, but he has such largeness of heart, such dignity and pity with the few at his command, that he can make men comprehend what was incomprehensible. His son imprisoned, he decides to make himself known to James Jarvis. When first confronted by the white man, he again has no words to tell the terrible news. Not knowing who Kumalo is, Jarvis prompts him:

—You must tell it, umfundisi [parson]. Is it heavy?
—It is very heavy, umnumzana [sir]. It is the heaviest thing of all my years.

He lifted his face, and there was in it suffering that Jarvis had not yet seen before. Tell me, he said, it will lighten you.
—Then, said the old man, this thing that is the heaviest of all my years is the heaviest thing of all your years also.

Jarvis looked at him, at first bewildered, but then something came to him. You can only mean one thing, he said. . . . But I still do not understand.
—It was my son that killed your son, said the old man.

So they were silent. Jarvis left him and walked out into the trees of the garden. . . . When he turned to come back, he saw that the old man had risen, his hat in one hand, his stick in the other, his head bowed, his eyes on the ground. He went back to him.
—I have heard you, he said. I understand what I did not understand. There is no anger in me.

Jarvis holds so little anger that after Absalom is condemned to death, the white man has milk sent to Kumalo's poverty-stricken parish; he has a dam built so that the wretched soil can produce maize "standing higher than a man," and fertilizers and machines to cultivate the land. And there is so much compassion in the black man that when he looks upon the orphan girl whom Absalom has made pregnant, and sees that "nothing will come out of her at all, save the children of men who will use her, leave her, forget her. . . . Kumalo, for all his suffering" adopts her as his own daughter and takes her back home with him, so that the child of his son may not be born in Johannesburg's Shanty Town, "a great village of sack and plank and iron," where men die from diseases contracted in the heat under the earth, and women and children from coughing in the cold and rain above it.

I should like to predict that in the Reverend Stephen Kumalo, Paton has created an immortal figure. If there is a man who can read the tragedy of

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Kumalo's life with eyes dry, I have no desire to meet him. JAMES STERN

CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

SILENT CHILDREN, by Mai-mai Sze (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $2.50).

SEVERELY ESTHETIC CRITICS to the contrary, there is an occasional novel which, by sheer force of its timely theme and sincerity, acquires a merit that its virtues strictly as literature may not warrant. Such a work is Mai-mai Sze's simple, touching and unpretentious *Silent Children,* a modest little fable (189 pages) based on the world's miserable failure to find a place for so many thousands of its postwar orphans.

In terms almost abstract, so careful is it to make its setting and its characters indefinite and impersonal, Miss Sze's story tells of a colony of lost, ragged and starving children, temporarily established on a river bank across from a "liberated" town in some unnamed country—probably in Europe but quite possibly in Asia—which had recently been occupied by a nameless enemy and is now in the hands of an anonymous presumptive ally. It is the tale of how the nondescript band of boys and girls huddled together on their mud bank, lived a wistful kind of community life of their own, sent out occasional foraging parties to look for food in the stricken town across the river and were eventually shot down or dispersed by a gang of black marketeers whose hidden storehouse they had accidentally come upon. The tale does not really end, because the world tragedy, of which it is a pitiful microcosm, has not ended.

In the main, Miss Sze sees her story through the eyes of the lost children themselves, some with dim memories of a different life, the others with no recollections at all save of hopeless wandering. There is, in particular, an unforgettable scene of one child, who vaguely remembers eating something better than old, dirty scraps of food, and who tries vainly to explain to another what she is talking about.

As characters in fiction, these silent children are not impressive. Only Jolo, who has seen one of his companions beaten to death by the people of the nearby town, comes to understandable life. But, somehow, the very vagueness of Solen, Rulla, Mull, Lal and the rest of them, who are like figures seen through a mist, adds to the poignancy of the tale.

The spectral world from which they never emerge helps to suggest the bitterest point of the children's tragedy: that they have never had the opportunity to develop into anything more than sensitive, frightened animals. Rightly, they do not seem fully developed human beings in a story, because they have never had a chance for any such development.

Although these spectral children dominate Miss Sze's novel, she does bring in several adults, chiefly a group of refugees who stumble upon the camp of dispossessed boys and girls long enough to bewilder it and, in turn, become bewildered by it. These adults also move about in a gray world.

We learn a few details about them. One is an American, another Chinese, and a third, perhaps to add a touch of conscious grotesqueness to the grotesque horror inherent in the story, is revealed simply as a tattooer. Possibly because we know that Miss Sze is Chinese, her Chinese character seems to take on a three-dimensional quality lacking in the others, but none of them is drawn with any completeness or endowed with the meaning given the children. Yet it is Manus, the American, who sees the final import of the tragedy, and in his words the novel sums up its bitter keynote:

DRAWING BY PERLIN

What a sorry legacy we are handing them! And they—and how many others like them?—are the generation to whom we pledged a better world to live in. What really were we talking about? We were not talking to these children or others of their age. They don't know what we were talking about. We were talking to reassure ourselves. Meanwhile, gibbering and quoting, we were heading toward the crisis of disintegration. These children may not know of the lofty pledges unfulfilled, but already they have cause enough to distrust each new situation, any assurance of change, and any promise of safety and comfort. Can we revive their trust? Can we give them confidence that the future does belong to them on better terms than this?

There are many other points that Miss Sze makes without ever raising her voice. Contrasting the children who have some memory of a better past with those who recall nothing beyond their present animal state, she observes that the ones without memories are better off. Contemplating the capacity of mankind to endure, she suggests

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that survival of the fittest no longer seems to be true, and that it was "those who by luck (and that seemed to be a matter of timing and geography) were fortunate enough to be equipped and within reach of proper treatment" who survived today. Have "the fittest" come to be merely another name for "the luckiest"? What save luck have we, the survivors, to show to explain our survival? Seeing the fierce determination to live in the roving bands of starving children, she comes to believe that the will to survive is in itself a kind of health, and, if there is a final message, it is that the grim capacity of mankind to adjust itself to anything is perhaps its one great virtue. RICHARD WATTS JR.

BY CURRENT STANDARDS

CROSS SECTION: 1948, edited by Edwin Seaver (Simon and Schuster; $3.50).

PAINTING IN PUBLIC, by Maurice Grosser (Alfred A. Knopf; $2.75).

IN *Cross Section: 1948,* Edwin Seaver has made the fourth annual collection of "new American writing." By "new" he means brand-new; that is, unpublished. The title of the book is misleading; since these selections were made from submitted manuscripts, it has the same claim to be a cross section as the annual fiction list of any careful publisher. The pretense of being seriously representative isn't maintained beyond the title page. The editor promises to show "what our writers, particularly our younger writers, are currently thinking and feeling." Then on the same page he emasculates this purpose by disavowing any interest in experimental work, which "can safely be left to the coteries."

The volume includes fifteen short stories and four longer pieces of fiction. Two essays give away what their writers are "currently thinking." But the most significant feature, Simon and Schuster discovers, is thrown in for nothing: "For those looking for signs and portents in *Cross Section: 1948,* the publishers point out this fact: it contains no poetry."

Within the standards of the book, some stories are better than others, but neither the best nor the worst could incite one to praise or blame. In a critical essay, however, it is imperative to be more than safely insignificant. Robert Adams' worthy intention is to annihilate Philip Wylie as a "moralist." Wylie has made a profitable business out of exploiting, for mass titillation, the critical writings of his betters, such as Mencken and Wyndham Lewis. As Adams demonstrates, he has only amplified their invective to a calculated violence, without any serious concern for the implications of the American scene he condemns.

"Shallow and unreflective," illogical and ungrammatical, Wylie's diatribes have a soothing effect on the uneasy millions he attacks. In times of stress and gloom, nothing is so invigorating as a really virulent pessimism. But this blather, Adams points out, like all hate and hysteria, actually plays into the hands of the most bigoted and reactionary elements in the country. Unfortunately, at this point the author abandons his subject and in hurried, concluding paragraphs, invites the reader, as an antidote, to a new "morality" based on the PAC and the trade unions, and sanctioned by the "common title which unions take, of 'Brotherhoods'." With classic disingenuousness, Adams concedes that "those who are used to morals with an ecclesiastical smack to them will not make much of union morals."

The other essay, by Isidor Schneider, should have led off the volume as an introduction, instead of coming at the end. It is a blow at modern poetry by the muscled arm of Philistinism and on the not unfamiliar charge that its practitioners (he mentions only Eliot, Pound, Cummings and Gertrude Stein) are "writers who have turned away from the people." Since these writers are "anti-democratic in their politics," Schneider interprets their work as a conspiracy of "class snobbism" which, by imposing impossibly strict standards on literary taste, has disqualified an innocent and healthy "mediocrity." The resultant deadlock in the reading habits of the Democracy, Schneider describes in this way: "To escape the humiliation of being caught with less than classic poetry, the reader ends by never being caught with poetry at all." I would advise such easily humiliated readers against being caught with *Cross Section: 1948.*

Maurice Grosser is a painter who writes at the beginning of his book: "It is surprising that so little has been written from the inside by the painter himself to explain what his profession is like, and why and how pictures get made." That pretty well describes the intention and achievement of *Painting in Public,* allowing for the self-limitation implied in the definition of a painter as "just a man who has been trained to see, and the picture he makes is just a piece of furniture to be hung on a wall."

The book is in the recent line of culture debunkers, and such definitions are the writer's safeguard against assuming any popular misconceptions of a painter's work. Of course, this rigid exclusiveness and aggressive "common sense" has its traps. Grosser occasionally falls into an annoying strong, silent prose, particularly when he is talking about Art as distinguished from painting, but he is rarely so simple as in his dismissal of "esthetics—which is mostly a sales talk invented by literary men to promote their friends' pictures."

The book is concerned with the immediate aspects of the painter's craft —his tools, his training, his habits, the conditions of his trade, "money, museums and merchants," and about these the author is detailed and illuminating. But the best recommendation for this kind of popular book is that the author never exploits any whimsical or romantic elements in his subject: he maintains throughout the decent, workmanlike attitude he has set himself.

JOHN FARRELLY

LUSH MAZE

ON THE MARBLE CLIFFS, by Ernst Juenger. Translated by Stuart Hood (New Directions; $2.50).

THIS LITTLE book is something of a symbol. Its first appearance in Germany in 1939 led to considerable international excitement and, eventually,

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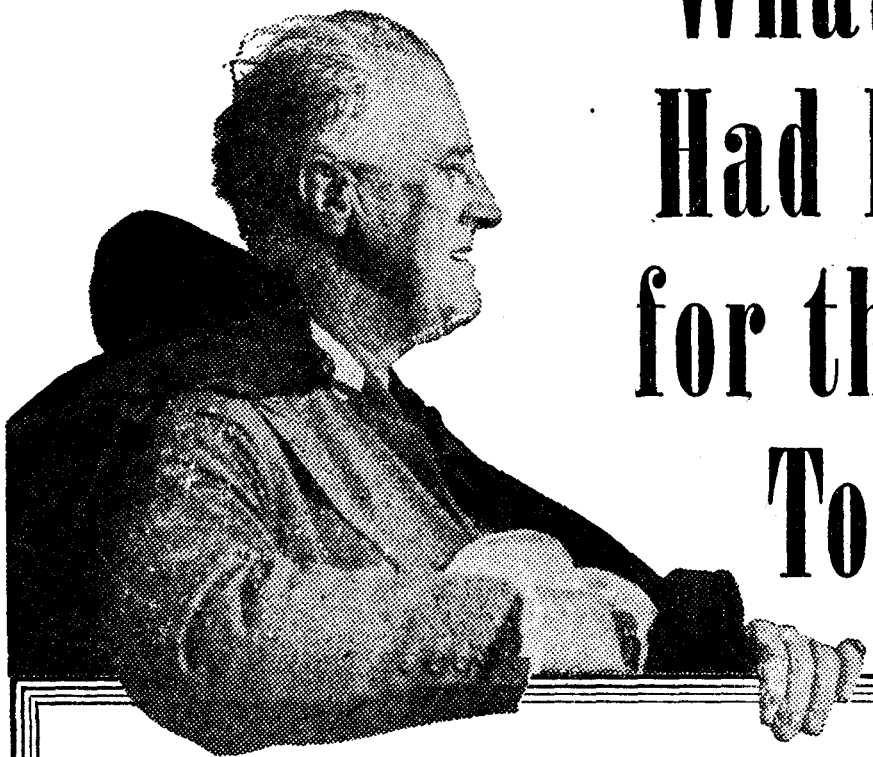
What F.D.R. Had Planned for the World Today...



FDR had a program for *peace.* He had a plan that would assure *our prosperity,* that would strengthen *our democracy*—and at the same time avoid a collision with the Soviet Union. He had blueprinted a zonal plan for world cooperation, so that *free enterprise* could work *freely*—a plan that you will want to know about, to talk about. Read for yourself what it is, how we can still use it—in a great Reader's Scope article...

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"Rarely has clearer vision been revealed in such compelling prose."—JOHN A. KROUT in *Saturday Review of Literature.*

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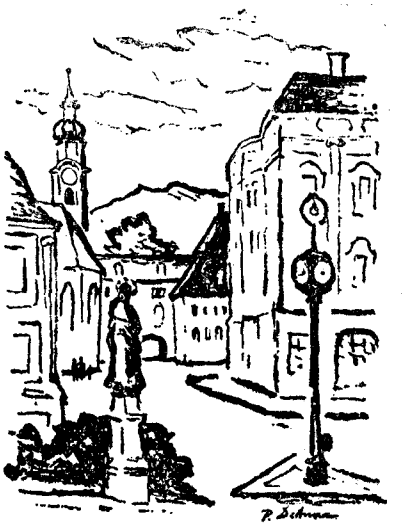
to the establishment of its author in the ranks of the anti-Nazis, although he never suffered under Hitler and the book was not suppressed. "It is hard to understand," declares the jacket copy of the American edition, "how this novel could have been published in the Germany of 1939. For although it is an allegory, its intention can hardly have been mistaken."

At this distance of both time and space, its publication does not appear, to this reviewer at least, to be so startling. It is certainly an allegory, in the most elaborate German tradition, and it does deal with a shadowy character, the Chief Ranger, who sets himself up as leader over the mythical, pastoral country where the action takes place. But its very obscurity saves it from being a clear-cut attack on tyranny, and the character of its hero keeps it from offering any suggestion of practical opposition to the *status quo*. The hero, a scholarly botanist, tends to withdraw from the world around him; to philosophize rather than to act. His prime concern is with the preservation of a symbolic German culture (which, the book states clearly, can never be destroyed), not with the salvation of his fellow man.

"What is to be done," he inquires, "if the weak deny the laws prescribed, and in their blindness pull back with their own hands the bars and bolts which have been put to for their protection? We could not therefore altogether criticize the Mauretanians [who had accepted the Chief Ranger], for right and unright were now raveled together; men of firm courage tottered and the time was ripe for terror. . . . We were right therefore to keep clear of affairs in which no honor was to be won. . . ."

He keeps to this sentiment even after he inadvertently stumbles upon one of the Chief Ranger's concentration camps (in the only completely clear allegorical passage in the book). But when a young nobleman who has set out against the Ranger is suspected of having been killed, the botanist, inspired by the church, leads a raid against the Ranger's men. He is defeated, but retreats with the severed head of the nobleman carefully preserved in a bag while, in a "Götterdämmerung"-like conclusion, the entire scene is consumed with flames. The waters of the lake, like Wagner's Rhine, overflow to quench it.



Much of the symbolism in this closing passage is irritatingly abstruse for an American reader. It is hard to escape the suspicion that Hitler and his followers must have thoroughly enjoyed reading it, as well as the graphic description of the savage battle with its sense of joy in fighting for its own sake. They must have sympathized completely with the hero's sentiments on beholding the body of his faithful woodsman follower slain in the fray: "The old man had fought well, for round him lay mown a ring of men and dogs. So he had found a fitting death in the heat and din of the chase in which are woven death and sensual pleasure."

If we accept the author as an anti-Nazi, *On the Marble Cliffs* is mainly interesting today for its glimpses into the non-Nazi German character, with its detached concern for culture, its apparent defeatism but pride in battle, and, underneath it all, its conviction of the innate superiority of the intellectual and the "gentleman" over the common run of men. The reader's enjoyment in the book will depend entirely on his individual capacity to find his way in a lush maze of recondite parables and musings.

ANNE L. GOODMAN

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MOVIES: A Matter of Ethics

IF THE PROPHETS are right that Hollywood's answer to the Thomas committee will be an all-consuming preoccupation with the domestic affairs of Blondie, Dracula and Lassie, "All My Sons" may be one of the last films anyone can be expected to examine seriously. In the present state of the political weather a citation for unusual heroism under fire is due Chester Erskine for producing it and Universal-International for distributing it.

Being much less courageous myself, I must make it clear immediately that I am not about to praise a film I think to be un-American, subversive or an incitation to the overthrow of the government by force. I must admit, however, that I find in "All My Sons" a considered denunciation of a widespread, if not prevailing, tenet of our business community.

In the picture, as in Arthur Miller's play from which it is adapted, Joe Keller, a prosperous but essentially shoestring manufacturer, has delivered a shipment of defective airplane parts to the army and a number of combat pilots have consequently been killed. Keller has escaped punishment by shifting responsibility onto his partner. He has defied public opinion, and by exertion of a powerful and ingratiating personality has rehabilitated himself in his community. His retribution comes in the end, not from society, but from the indignation of his son.

The play and the picture are placed in the context of war to make the issue unmistakable, but there is the danger that against this background the broader point may be obscured by the more shocking one. The moral of the tale is that, the way our society has developed, a wide gulf is open between business ethics and Christian morality, and that a man who lives by the former can afford to pay no more than lip-service to the latter.

Keller does not act villainously in authorizing the shipment; he acts according to what experience has taught him is the acceptable and in the end the only possible conduct for a businessman. You do the best job you can, you take every reasonable care, and then if something insists on going wrong it isn't your fault and you can't be expected to pay. Your ultimate loyalty is to the firm and to the wife and kids; sensitivity to abstract right and wrong meets no payrolls. The problem may not be new to ethics, but it has a look of brave innovation on the screen.

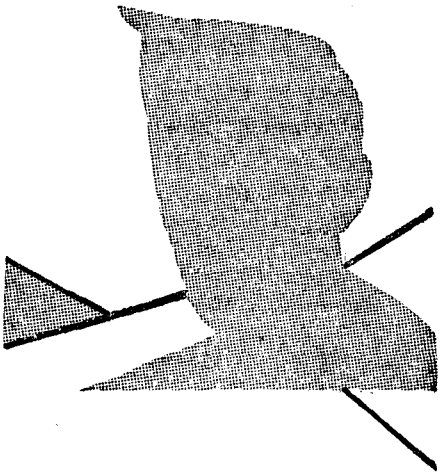
Several weeks ago I suggested that the growing documentary technique will require story material above the level of formula crime plots if it is to work any lasting benefit. Irving Reis, who has used the documentary approach in directing large parts of "All My Sons," has been assigned sound and expert actors, and has been given a valid story to tell. The result is a film so good as to be, these days, astonishing.

Edward G. Robinson's Joe Keller is everyone's idea of Rotary in session; hearty, self-assured, sentimental about the right things and just vulgar enough to be a good fellow. It is only on his high notes that he is shaky: he goes to pieces a little too fast and a little too hard, in the manner of his old-style Chicago gangsters.

Second acting honors go to Burt Lancaster, who plays a highly moral young man, notoriously one of the most difficult of roles, with no trace of priggishness. Louisa Horton, his sweetheart, is so perfectly the nice girl in love that you wonder suspiciously whether she is acting or playing herself. Miss Horton is one of the most genuinely attractive girls the screen has seen for some time.

Only Mady Christians, as Keller's wife, is uneasy, and I think for no fault of her own. Her part (it has been softened in the screen version) is obscurely motivated and she's outside the lines of conflict, with the result that,

Is this the portrait of a "great idealist"?



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for all her presence and taste, she seems to be straining.

The denouement of "All My Sons" is, if you want to be a purist, a contrivance inserted into the conflict for the reason, probably, that the author was baffled to find a way of ending his play. This, to be sure, is a fault, but among the many virtues of serious thinking and honest acting in "All My Sons," I'm more than willing to let it pass.

ROBERT HATCH

THEATER: Ambiguous Language

"THE HALLAMS," Rose Franken's new play about the same family she observed so successfully in "Another Language," brings up a complicated theatrical problem. Left to itself, without benefit of critical attention, it would be, I believe, a resounding commercial success. The audience sighs in recognition of homelike conflicts, laughs like one of the family at familiar, cranky attitudes, is charmed by the young wife brought suddenly into the tight domestic circle, weeps unashamedly at the pathetic death of the young husband. There is no doubt that the "The Hallams" makes a solid connection, built out of common experience and common aspiration, with the people for whom it is written. But the reviews were almost uniformly bad, the play has closed, and it will never find the audience which it would otherwise have deeply satisfied.

My problem is that this time I believe the audience is wrong and the reviewers right. Yet I do not wish to be a party to the work's quietus. It is not a vicious play or a cheap one; its heart is quite obviously in the right place and it could give pleasure to a large number of decent people. There should be some method for a play like this to dispense with the favors of the Drama Critics Circle and appeal directly to the voters who would keep it running comfortably for months.

Having said this, I must confess that "The Hallams" is a loosely written and ambiguous work, built around incidents that have an unfortunate resemblance to soap-opera plots. Miss Franken, examining the influence of an iron-willed matriarch on her family, is never able to make up her mind about what tack to take. Part of the time she seems to be saying that the institution of the family is hideous, boring and even fatal. At other times, and especially at the conclusion, she appears to look with undisguised affection and approval upon it. There is about "The Hallams" a rough look of loose and unexamined material mechanically held together by a succession of irrelevant catastrophes.

Miss Franken gave herself some very stiff problems in the directorial department. The scene is almost always crowded with the members of a large family who are forced to pretend to be talking to each other in odd corners of the room while the action proceeds elsewhere on the stage. There is no strong, unifying story to engage the attention of the characters and bring them naturally in and out, so the playwright has been maneuvered into a series of random family gatherings that have the realistic defects of being formless, dull, full of a sullen sense of duty and clock-watching.

In the performance, Ethel Griffies who played with such original middle class fury over the tea things in "The Druid Circle," is convincingly sharp and self-righteous as the all-encompassing matriarch, but the rest of the cast, with two or three exceptions, leaves a great deal to be desired. The young people, about whom the play revolves, are particularly unhappy choices.

The night I saw "The Hallams" there wasn't a dry eye in the house at the final curtain—except mine. This is exactly the sort of evidence that I, as a playwright, would throw in the face of a critic who didn't like my play.

IRWIN SHAW

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MUSIC: The Strong Left Hand

IT'S NOT so long ago that boogie-woogie was introduced to the general public, and I can remember how three fat little men—Pete Johnson, Meade Lux Lewis and Albert Ammons—used to sit down at two—or was it three?—pianos and take the place apart piece by piece, the place being Café Society Downtown. Soon boogie-woogie became the big fad, and anyone with a strong left wrist could be the life of the party.

The big bands took it up, but on big bands it usually didn't look good. The merits of boogie-woogie derive from its simplicity. Arrangers dress it up and remove whatever freshness and power may have been in the original music. There were a few exceptions. Mary Lou Williams' arrangements of "Roll 'Em" for Benny Goodman (Victor) and "Little Joe from Chicago" (Decca) retain the vitality of keyboard interpretations, and prove that when boogie-woogie is exploited properly, it can make a good band sound even better. The Bob Crosby orchestra, too, was at home with this kind of music, and it's nice to see that the band's two best eight-beat efforts have been reissued in a Decca album (A-603) called "Boogie-Woogie." The book includes the music of Woody Herman, Freddie Slack and others, and while these are above the average level of originality, it's the Crosby stuff that makes the album worthwhile.

The tunes are Meade Lux Lewis' famous "Honky Tonk Train" and "Yancey Special." The first of these is a rocking, aggressive, fast composition said to suggest a railroad train, and I can see the point. The second is slower, with a dignified bass figure originated, I believe, by Jimmy Yancey, after whom the piece was named. Crosby's arrangements are superb. They impart to the tunes a solidity that can't be achieved by a soloist, and they don't damage the solo value of the music. They're paced beautifully, working up to characteristic Crosby last choruses highlighting brass and reeds playing against each other with tremendous drive and enthusiasm. The solo piano on these sides is handled by the late Bob Zurke, and if he's less deft than Lewis, he nevertheless handles a strong left hand with confidence.

Notes. More than a little of the atmosphere of pre-bebop Fifty-second Street is provided by Pete Brown and Helen Humes on "Unlucky Blues" and "I'm Gonna Buy Me a Telephone" (Decca). Miss Humes, currently singing at Café Society Downtown, is impressive with the high-pitched delivery that helped rock the Count Basie band not so long ago.

Woody Herman's interpretation of the "Sabre Dance" from Khatchaturian's Gayne Ballet Suite is done with plenty of zingo and, to my mind, without cheapening the composition. Reverse is "Swing Low, Sweet Clarinet," with Mary Ann McCall in an affable mood (Columbia). . . . Frank Sinatra offers one of his most engaging pairs in "I'll Make Up for Everything" and "For Every Man There's a Woman" (Columbia). The latter is a mildly sexy and highly original tune from the movie "Casbah." . . . Ray Noble and Buddy Clark combine their talents on "I Wish I Knew the Name" and "Serenade" (Columbia). I'm getting to like Clark's work more and more. There's real honesty in his voice, and he phrases lyrics with admirable understanding. CHARLES MILLER

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RADIO: Fresh Start

THE WALKING MAN came to a halt, but I wasn't there when it happened. A CBS show at that hour (Saturday, seven p.m.) had glued me to that network's dial-setting, and I just stayed there until long after Jack Benny had been unmasked to the relief of the nation, the profit of the campaign on behalf of cardiacs, and the enrichment of a worthy widow in Chicago.

CBS' captivating number is called "mr. ace and JANE." It would seem that a comedy writer who billed his show in such screwy typographics would be either a poseur or totally impossible. Goodman Ace, author and star of "mr. ace," is only improbable.

For the last couple of years, until "mr. ace" went on the air, Ace in the flesh was employed by CBS as a comedy doctor. One of the first bits of advice he gave the network concerned a sagging program that he considered hopelessly unfunny. Ace's counsel was to let the thing stay on the air until a healthier substitute could be found. "Meantime," he told the big boss, "let the announcer close the show with: 'This is NBC'."

Before coming to CBS, as physician to anemic comedians, Ace wrote, produced and directed the Danny Kaye show at $3,000 per week. At the same time, he and his wife were collecting some $80,000 a year in royalties from a seemingly endless series of 15-minute air didoes they had recorded a decade earlier under the title of "The Easy Aces." For all I know, that perennial may still be circling the kilocycles. There are transcription firms which specialize in this sort of thing. Ace has been in the big money so long that there was every reason to expect his new production to be either slapstick and escapist or unbearably bitter. It's neither. It's fun, and occasionally a lampoon sounds suspiciously like satire.

Right now, the "mr. ace" commercials are for Army recruitment—until a real sponsor comes along, CBS gives the time for this program gratis, and generously lets the Army and Air Force pay the talent. But the show hit a Hooperating of 9.1 in its first two weeks, so a sponsor cannot be far off.

The momentum gained from the Ace program was easy to maintain for the next 15 minutes, 7:30-7:45, during the Abe Burrows show, which has been touted here before. Then came Hoagy Carmichael as a very pleasant musical interlude before one surrendered to a full hour of Robert Montgomery narrating and starring in "Suspense." Only part of the credit for that show, the part better known to the public, belongs to Montgomery. A deep bow must go to Anton M. Leader, the director.

The routine listening was good for this reviewer after a week devoted to a phase of broadcasting that should go on the air but never does. That week was spent in Washington listening to broadcasters ask for the privilege to editorialize and arguing against such abuse of license.

Your reporter, having begged the FCC to reaffirm the ban against air editorials, proposed also a step more positive than mere quashing of the high-powered campaign to kill the FCC conducted by the National Association of Broadcasters. I suggested that the FCC set up in its own jurisdiction—not in another government agency,

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which could become a super-snooper against the FCC—a "complaint unit" to which aggrieved listeners could turn for speedy and adequate relief against broadcasters.

Too often, listeners who have grievances against broadcasters don't know where to turn. There is one notable case in which a newscast by Fulton Lewis Jr. was declared unfair to a labor union; by the time "redress" was ordered, the issue had become academic, since the Lewis commentary had allegedly affected an election campaign that had ended some 18 months earlier.

When the "complaint unit" idea was proposed, several members of the commission seemed to be sufficiently interested to spend a little time cross-examining me. A few days later, the president of the National Association of Broadcasters paid the proposal the high compliment of public rebuke. That in itself may be reason enough for pursuing the subject further.

If there is to be a follow-through, however, it must come from the public. There is as yet no organized "consumer" group in radio listening, as there is in other fields. The failure of the public to appear before the FCC was noticed by at least one of the commissioners, who mentioned the point to me privately. This commissioner—not Clifford J. Durr—hopes that the public at large will yet be heard from on the Mayflower issue.

Labor did an excellent job at the hearings. Particularly impressive to several of the commissioners was the appearance of Erik Barnouw, president of the Radio Writers' Guild; George Heller, national executive secretary of the American Federation of Radio Artists; and Earle McGill, president of the Radio Directors' Guild. "It's the first time we have ever seen the artistic side of radio represented here on a pure policy matter," one commissioner commented. It was a sign of maturity on the part of the artists, and the effect was powerful. But they could not make up for the public, the 100 million-odd listeners who were without spokesmen.

There is still time. The FCC hearing on editorializing is recessed until

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April 19. When the discussion is reopened on that date, the NAB's mop-up squad will be there in force. But those who don't want the FCC to give broadcasters the official seal of approval for partisanship on the air can also come. May they show up in droves. The fairness of the FCC to date indicates that any member of the public will be given the floor. But beyond that, it is my guess that spokesmen for the listeners will not only be heard by the FCC, they will be warmly welcomed.

SAUL CARSON

CORRESPONDENCE

The Coldest War

SIR: The latest twist in the cold war, from our side, is the proposal to send American magazines abroad and give them away, by the ton. The idea is that people in other countries will see Wonderful Civilization reflected in our slick-paper weeklies and monthlies, and will fall all over themselves to drop that horrid nationalization stuff.

It won't work.

It is obvious what periodicals the State Department will pick out to send abroad: the *Satevepost, Time, Woman's Home Companion, Life,* the *LHJ.* And what will the European see as he sits shivering in the half-dark and tries with numbing fingers to turn the big, glossy pages?

Answer: food. Mountains of four-color food, in the advertising section. Half a red-and-brown ham on a plate, glistening with juice. A steak as big as a barrelhead and four fingers thick, with lumps of butter melting on top. An open tureen of lovely brown bean soup, with steam rising as dense as a London fog.

And other things, of course: a big and beautiful new convertible car, with the top down, and five or six fourteen-year-olds just riding around for pleasure; rooms so cosily heated by invisible appliances that while the snow piles up outside the window, baby crawls happily, half-naked, on a hardwood floor. Of course there are plenty of Americans who can't afford these goodies; but how is anyone abroad to know that?

The Europeans will turn from this succulent matter to their little gray one-sheet newspapers which report the words of congressmen saying we can't afford to send anything to Europe; we need it all ourselves. And they will love us.

Brooklyn, N. Y. CAROL DWIGHT

Footnote to Czechoslovakia

SIR: In your editorial on Czechoslovakia (the *NR,* March 8), you miss out on an important fact. You say Washington withdrew a credit that had been negotiated with Prague "apparently for political reasons." How political these reasons were is told by James F. Byrnes in his book, *Speaking Frankly*:

> . . . I noticed he [Vishinsky] was heartily applauded by two of the Czechoslovakian delegates seated two rows in front of our delegation. I had just been told that the Czechoslovakians had been allotted a credit of $50 million. . . . I immediately cabled the State Department to stop the extension of credit to Czechoslovakia (p. 143).

The Czechs also applied to the International Bank for a loan of $350 million at least *18 months ago.* Now, today, John J. McCloy, president of the Bank, indicates that "action on the loan would be impaired" *because of* "the Communist seizure of power" (the New York *Times,* March 3, 1948).

Altogether, the Czechs have had $29 million from the US, but when they very badly needed grain and fodder, the Russians gave them a trade treaty (January, 1948), arranging for a flow of goods to the value of $100 million over the next five years, and an immediate 2,000 trucks of grain. The summer's drought had left them very short. If this is "Soviet pressure," the Czechs can't mind it much.

Meanwhile our policy of carrot-and-club seems to boil down to heads I win, tails you lose.

New York City ELLA WINTER

Difference of Opinion

In the *New Republic* of January 19, 1948, appeared a letter from James Hamlin-Howard of La Grande, Oregon, saying that Henry Wallace's strength among students of Eastern Oregon College of Education was 87 percent.

Alvin R. Kaiser, of the faculty of Eastern Oregon College, says, on the contrary, that when 159 of the 650 students were asked, at a student assembly, to fill out ballots on this subject, Wallace had 15 percent. Mr. Kaiser believes that this proportion would be true of the student body as a whole. – THE EDITORS

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BANDWAGON

The Last Freedom

Heavy voting proceeded quietly today in Paraguay's first presidential election in nine years. The name of only one candidate was on the ballots. – *From the Philadelphia* Inquirer.

Experience Counts

The Senator and former Virginia Governor [Harry F. Byrd] . . . declared that, in this state, "We may not have spent as freely as some others, or borrowed as heavily as some, but long experience as a legislator and businessman has taught me that money once spent is gone, while money not spent remains to be spent." – *From the Norfolk* Virginian-Pilot.

Far-Fetched

Even the threat of using the FBI is helpful. In lynching cases, for instance, there is no federal statute which allows action by the G-men, except on the flimsy count that the lynchee's civil rights may have been violated. – *From* Coronet.

The Lukewarm War

It is fair to say that the Soviet Union had something to do with winning the war. – *Drew Middleton in the New York* Times Magazine.

"Bongo, bongo, bongo"

A Bristol, England, brain scientist plans to build a robot tortoise, the Canadian Press reported yesterday, which will recognize voices, come to heel when called, avoid cold or damp weather and great heat or bright lights and will like women and dislike men. The scientist, Dr. W. Grey Walter, will use various radio techniques for his mechanism. . . . His tortoise, he said, will also be neurotic, with the capacity to sulk if mistreated. – *From the New York* Herald Tribune.

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(AND A TRAGIC DEPRESSION)

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